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THE PRESIDENT CLEARLY BELIEVES that he can continue to get along very well with the same tactics that he has pursued ever since the depression began. He continues to speak of that depression always in the past tense. He has still not a single fundamental remedy to suggest. He continues to throw the blame for everything on Europe; he completely fails to see that Europe's depression could cause depression here chiefly through a diminution of foreign trade—and Mr. Hoover has set his face against tariff reduction or any other measure that would help to revive that foreign trade. Instead, he now puts forward one more scheme for raising ourselves by our own bootstraps. He has called a national conference of the business and industrial committees of the twelve Federal Reserve districts to meet in Washington on August 26. The program for this conference is, as usual, extremely vague; but, in Mr. Hoover's favorite terminology, it will aim toward the "coordination" of this and that, and the "expansion" of that and this, particularly, of course, of "credit facilities." Elsewhere in this issue we remark on the very serious dangers of the desperate gamble that the Administration is now making with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Mr. Hoover's latest proposal is merely to gamble a little more, and while he talks brazenly of the depression as if he had already stopped it, the New York *Times* business index for the week ending August 6 fell to 52.2 per cent of "normal," the lowest point it has yet reached.

ADOLPH HITLER HAS ASKED FOR ALL or nothing, and until now he has received nothing. He demanded of President Hindenburg that he be given not only the chancellorship of Germany, but also that he be clothed with as much real power as Mussolini had after the fascist march on Rome. In brief, Hitler wanted the present government to step aside and let him establish his "legal" dictatorship. Although there was some indication that General von Schleicher, Minister of Defense and boss of the army, was inclined to favor the fascist leader, Hitler's audacity failed to impress Hindenburg. The President, Chancellor von Papen, and former Chancellor Brüning were themselves disposed to let a few of the National Socialists enter the cabinet, but Hindenburg would accept them only on a nonpartisan basis, that is, as representatives of the President and not of their party, while Brüning, speaking for the Catholic Party, wanted them in only in order to tame them by compelling them to share in the responsibility of government. Forced on by the more fanatical of his followers, Hitler was in no position to compromise. It was probably against his better judgment that he attempted to bluff his way to a fascist dictatorship. Having failed, he is today more than ever under the influence of those among his lieutenants who prefer direct action to Hitler's "legal" tactics. Thus, talk of a fascist *Putsch* is being revived, but it is doubtful whether a march on Berlin could succeed, for the fascist leaders have delayed so long that the government and the Reichswehr are now apparently in an excellent position to suppress a revolutionary attack from the right.

ONE OF THE CONTROVERSIES that had been dividing Russia and Japan and which many students believed might lead to war has been amicably settled. This was the dispute over the fisheries agreement of 1928, which was intended to regulate the operations of Japanese fishermen in Russian waters and their use of Russian port facilities. But so vague was the language of the agreement that it immediately gave rise to a quarrel between the two governments. Several times relations between Moscow and Tokio approached the breaking point as each country continued to accuse the other of having violated the treaty. The controversy was at its height when Japanese troops invaded Manchuria and appeared to be threatening Russian interests in that area. But the good sense exercised on both sides prevented an open break during the Manchurian crisis. Now, by yielding on most of the points in dispute, the Soviet Government has reached a new agreement with the Japanese, and another possible cause of war in the Far East has been removed. This action is, of course, completely in accord with Russia's policy of peace, for the Soviet Union must guard itself against all controversies that might result in hostile interference with its industrialization program. The policy has already borne fruit in the form of the several non-aggression pacts Moscow has concluded with its neighbors, the latest being that with Poland. Only Japan and Rumania, among its more important neighbors, have thus far refused to sign such treaties.

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WHEN THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT announces its long-heralded scheme for the settlement of the communal problem in India, its specific provisions, whatever they may be, are likely to be overshadowed by the declining prestige of Britain's policies both in India and at home. Sir Samuel Hoare's announcement in the House of Commons on June 27 that the procedure previously followed with regard to the Indian question will be abandoned has, in particular, damaged the British cause. No longer are practical matters to be worked out by large committees and used as a basis for a bill; rather, a joint select committee will be set up, representing both houses of Parliament, and before this committee the various questions will be threshed out. The effect of the new procedure is to reduce to a minimum the opportunities for the expression of Indian opinion and greatly to enhance the power of the British, a state of affairs which even the most moderate Indian opinion can not tolerate. Thirteen outstanding Indian Moderates have given notice that they will no longer cooperate in the making of a constitution unless and until the government resumes Round Table Conference methods. Such prominent delegates to the Round Table Conference as Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Srinivasa Sastri, and M. R. Jayakar are included among the thirteen. Once more the British authorities have set back their own cause. And the Congress policy, which formerly seemed too extreme for many Indian Moderates, now stands vindicated in their eyes. As the *Manchester Guardian* has said, the action of the Indian Moderates "leaves the government cut off from politically conscious India. . . . Once again the cleavage between the Government of India and those whose support it must have if representative institutions are to prove workable, is complete."

SPAIN'S MOST SERIOUS MONARCHIST revolt seems to be completely crushed, its instigators in ignominy, and the revolutionary government stronger than before. Let us hope that the energy the new regime has been obliged to expend in thwarting such attempts to stage a royalist come-back may soon be completely diverted to constructive ends. With the plotters of monarchist reaction the new regime has been comparatively tolerant—as Premier Azaña says, it has been "legal and lenient." From now on it will be "legal and severe." That a royalist rule could return seems impossible to any but such disgruntled militarists as the defeated General Sanjurjo and his satellites, many of whom live prudently along the French Riviera or in the region around Hendaye and Biarritz, mourning the collapse of the good old days and smuggling counter-revolutionary funds across the Pyrenees.

OUR DISMAL RECORD OF BANK FAILURES continues, with 808 reported in the first six months in 1932. The tendency nearly everywhere will be to ascribe these bank failures to that anonymous depression which takes the blame for everything on its broad shoulders. But the figures, even on the surface, do not bear out this facile explanation. As the National Industrial Conference Board points out, there were only 714 bank failures in the ten years preceding the World War; during the war there were 456; but during the eleven and one-half years since the war, or from 1921 to June 30, 1932, there have been 10,093. Certainly this is an ironic commentary on the Federal Reserve Act, one of the great aims of which was to make bank failures impossible. It is true that by far the greater number of failures has occurred outside the Reserve system. Of the 808 banks to close in the first six months of this year, 204 were members of the system, and 604 were non-member State banks. In the period from 1921 to 1929 State bank failures constituted 86.5 per cent of all bank failures. The lesson of this is obvious. Not until our banks are welded into a single unified national banking system is real progress in averting bank failures likely to be achieved. Branch banking for national banks should be freely permitted at least within State lines and probably within Federal Reserve regions. One of the earliest duties of Congress will be to use its powers over taxation and interstate transactions to compel all banks to become members of the Federal Reserve system. Following that, its duty will be the much more difficult one of seeing that that system is not used as a political instrument.

MR. HOOVER MAY STOP HIS EARS against embarrassing criticism of his action in calling out regular troops to drive the bonus army from Washington, but neither the President nor the country has yet heard the last of that tragic event. When a committee of writers headed by Sherwood Anderson called at the White House to protest against the use of military force Mr. Hoover was too busy to see them. One of his several secretaries, Theodore G. Joslin, received the Anderson group, not to hear their protest, for he refused to listen to that, but to ask them to give further currency to the falsehoods which Administration spokesmen have been spreading concerning the causes of the Washington "disturbances," the details of which Paul Y. Anderson related in *The Nation* last week. As though to answer these spokesmen, who have been attributing the "rioting" to unidentified "Communists and criminals," a commander of one of the bonus camps, J. W. Wilford, filed with the District of Columbia grand jury on the very day that the writers were visiting the White House an affidavit declaring that secret service agents had deliberately provoked the trouble which led to the eviction order. He further charged that "the events of the day of the battle" had been carefully planned at a White House conference a week before July 28. In his statement Mr. Anderson asserted that the President had "set the seal of official approval" on the use of force against workers and the unemployed. The Wilford charges go much further. It is absolutely imperative that Senator McKellar of Tennessee carry through his plan for a Congressional investigation of the tragic affair.

THE UNEMPLOYED ARE DEFEATING themselves by dividing their strength among such a multitude of "movements" and "armies." No sooner had the bonus army, composed primarily of jobless workers, been driven out of Washington than a campaign was launched to organize these men into a "Khaki Shirt" movement. Through this chauvinistic organization the unemployed were promised that their rights would be protected and their interests promoted. But the "Khaki Shirts" do not stand alone. Among their more important rivals are the "Blue Shirts," led by Father Cox of Pittsburgh. As we write, thousands of members of the "Blue Shirt" army have assembled on the outskirts of St. Louis for the convention of the

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"Jobless-Liberty" Party. Like the bonus-seekers, the "Blue Shirts" came afoot, by freight train, and by automobile. In St. Louis they no doubt expected to hear Wall Street, the bosses, and the government roundly criticized and denounced, and to be told that only by organizing themselves could they ever hope to obtain just treatment from the bankers and industrialists. It has been the history of the American worker that he has had little to do with older and more experienced working-class organizations when times were good, and has been only too ready to turn to demagogues when times were bad. Or is it that the older liberal and radical organizations have not yet learned enough about American labor to enable them to speak intelligently and convincingly to the workers?

COAL-DIGGERS IN SOUTHERN ILLINOIS have been betrayed once more by the reactionary leadership of the United Mine Workers of America. Mining operations in Illinois were suspended on April 1 when the operators and United Mine Workers failed to agree upon a new wage scale. Subsequently the officials of the miners' union negotiated a contract providing for a 25 per cent reduction in pay. The contract was submitted to a referendum of the workers, who rejected it by a vote of more than four to one. Undismayed, the union leaders again called for a vote of the miners, and again it appeared that the contract would be rejected by an overwhelming majority. But before the votes could be counted, and in fact while the ballot boxes were being transported from the Ridgely Farmers State Bank in Springfield to the district headquarters of the United Mine Workers where they were to be opened and the votes tallied, the boxes were stolen by two armed men. John L. Lewis, international president, promptly declared that an emergency existed and that under his emergency powers he would have to order the new contract to take effect immediately. Obviously, nothing was said in the Lewis announcement concerning the fact that ownership of the automobile in which the two thugs were riding had been traced to Fox Hughes, vice-president of the Illinois district of the United Mine Workers and one of Lewis's henchmen. It is not surprising that a new revolt against the Lewis-Walker leadership is spreading among the Illinois miners, who are continuing the strike despite the Lewis order.

THE VOTERS OF NEW YORK STATE will have an excellent chance this fall to reward an admirable public officer if the Democratic Party is wise enough to nominate Herbert H. Lehman, the present Lieutenant-Governor, to succeed Franklin Roosevelt. Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, who gave up a highly successful banking career to enter political life, has steadfastly refused to play politics and has continued to devote a considerable portion of his private means to furthering public-spirited enterprises such as the construction of adequate homes for the white-collar class of workers on the lower East Side of New York. He has at all times taken an intelligent and sympathetic attitude toward labor and has recently averted, through his mediation, a serious strike in the garment industry. Whether Tammany will consent to his nomination is something still to be decided; it may, indeed, be influenced by the action which Governor Roosevelt will take in regard to Mayor Walker. We are quite aware, of course, that the mere election of even as good a man as Mr. Lehman will not improve the Democratic Party or make it worthy of public confidence; we abate not one jot of what we have said heretofore about this organization. Those of our readers who feel that it is no longer of any value to vote even in State elections for a good man running on the ticket of one of the old parties will doubtless cast their votes for Louis Waldman, the Socialist candidate. We think it only just, however, to put in print the admirable record which Mr. Lehman has made and the dignity and modesty and freedom from anything like business or political control which he has displayed while at Albany during the last three and one-half years.

MAYOR WALKER is getting that hearing he so jauntily demanded before Governor Roosevelt should act upon the charges of malfeasance pending against him. To the accompaniment of welcoming crowds, brass bands, wisecracks, and roses strewn along his path, the best-dressed of all mayors has kept his public entertained by his state journeys between New York and Albany. But against the dignified background of the Executive Chamber, where hearings have been conducted with admirable calmness and directness, the Mayor, stripped of his admiring public, cuts a far less engaging figure, while the picture there being drawn of the way in which America's greatest city has been governed for the past half-dozen years appears even more sordid than it did in the bustling New York courtroom where Judge Seabury first brought it out. As for the Mayor's defense of himself, his reply to the Governor's inquiry into his connection with a certain profitable oil pool is not untypical of the weakness and equivocation of his answers throughout the hearing:

> I don't know that—if I did know—but I—my understanding was—in view—there were no questions asked about it. In fact, if I never heard of it again it would have been all right with me. I wouldn't have probably complained about it. I mean, there was no definite agreement about it. "We are in it" was one of those things amongst gentlemen. From the amount that I got could be computed the amount they had, and the amount that I participated in, ascertained—I mean the percentage.

THE DEATH OF GRAHAM WALLAS at the age of seventy-four removes a fine seminal mind from the realm of political thought. A member of the famous Fabian Society, along with such brilliant writers as Shaw, Wells, and the Webbs, Wallas was never inclined to solve problems by facile epigram, but had those same qualities of earnest and passionate devotion to truth and conscientious open-mindedness that distinguished John Stuart Mill. His political books, "Human Nature in Politics," "The Great Society," and "Our Social Heritage" emphasized the weakness of mere abstractions in dealing with political questions and the constant need of keeping in mind all of man's attitudes, impulses, and traditions. He tried to find a scientific basis for politics, and if he did not quite succeed in that, he at least succeeded in approaching politics in the scientific temper. In his last volume, "The Art of Thought," he turned back to the need for examining the thinking process itself, and he contributed a very stimulating analysis of the means by which that process leads to new discoveries. His careful and penetrating work, let us hope, will continue to influence social thought through the coming decades.

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Bootstrap Economics

HOW good are the chances that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation's gamble with $3,800,000,000 of the people's money, along with all its related gambles now afoot, will bring back prosperity? Not a fragment of respectable evidence has been produced to show that the scheme is likely to succeed; on the contrary, whatever reading of the economic indices is possible in these confused times points toward ultimate failure. Yet the project is almost universally acclaimed, almost nowhere challenged. A veritable plague of "pools," credit corporations, and the like is under way. There are plans, at least on paper, to take over the Farm Board's wheat and cotton, to finance the purchase of raw materials for manufacturers (who are presumed to be itching to buy, though they cannot sell their finished goods), and to do various things, always with the suggestion that business stands ready to help the R. F. C. get rid of its money and thereby break the back of the depression.

There hangs about this whole theory of business revival an atmosphere of make-believe and hypnosis which the newspapers are doing their best to promote. Clinton W. Gilbert telegraphs the New York *Evening Post* that Mr. Hoover intends to stay in Washington and "personally supervise the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Federal Reserve Board, and the Home Loan Bank Board." The deep impropriety of placing any sort of pressure upon the Federal Reserve, which stands in a fiduciary relationship to the entire country, apparently does not occur to commentators. The New York *Times,* in the spirit of the occasion, puts a two-column head on a front-page story to the effect that trade with Russia is to be revived through the sale of 10 per cent Russian bonds in the United States, without bothering to name the sponsors of the plan or to estimate how much money could be raised on the apparently unsecured obligation of a country, millions of whose defaulted bonds are locked up in the vaults of American banks, when the bonds even of countries not in default are selling in the open market at less than 50 cents on the dollar. Credit, which brought us to the verge of ruin in 1929, is king again; confidence, which was smothered under billions of uncollectable debts, is to be resurrected by more debts; and the public, having tasted once more the profits of a stock market which had seemingly solved the problem of lifting itself by its bootstraps, acclaims this newer New Era, either ignorantly and hopefully or with its tongue in its cheek and a shrewd resolve to cash in on the delusion while the going is good.

The maladies which afflict business are numerous and deep-seated, but it is probably true that the existence of a mass of debt which cannot be supported by current income is the most obvious and pressing one. Since there is no possibility of dealing with the organic difficulty, the practical course is to meliorate the distress caused by debt. One way of doing this would be through outright devaluation of our gold-standard currency—but this proposal, which might make it possible to restore commodity prices to the 1929 level, has not received serious consideration, nor does it now seem likely to. The alternative is to attempt to whip up prices and business activity to a level where the debt can again be sustained. It is this program on which we are embarked.

Ordinary business prudence would dictate that, before the attempt is made, the chances of success or failure should be carefully weighed, for the consequences of failure may gall the nation for years. If the sponsors of this plan have any reasonable grounds for expecting success they have kept them to themselves, whereas the obstacles cannot be mistaken. One of these is the existence of well-equipped, powerfully financed, and highly competitive industrial units, now 40 to 85 per cent idle, which stand ready to produce additional goods the moment the market can absorb them. An obstacle to materially higher prices for primary materials is the stubbornness with which producers of such materials continue to produce in spite of ruinously low prices. We are raising as much cotton this year as in 1919, more wheat than in 1925. On purely theoretical grounds, the swarm of economists in the departments at Washington could have pointed out to the Administration and to Congress the probability that prices will not advance materially. Professor Frank G. Dickinson of the University of Illinois has recently called attention to the fact that since 1790 wholesale prices have alternately moved upward and downward over approximately 25-year periods. If this cycle continues to hold, the latest decline, beginning in 1920, will have some thirteen more years to go. Depressions occurring during a downswing of the price curve are hard to overcome; stubborn attempts to maintain price levels only serve to prolong such depressions.

Successful or not, no government has a right to engage in such a gamble. No effective protest can be expected from the newspapers or from a public drugged with propaganda and generally ignorant of the facts. Executive heads and directors of corporations, sitting behind closed office doors and speaking in low tones, say that none of the conjured-up prosperity is reaching them. They are still laying off employees, cutting dividends, and refusing to produce beyond the immediate needs of the market. There is not the slightest question that the best interests of the country would now be served if an immediate halt were called on the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation as now conducted. It represents the most dangerous gamble, in terms of peacetime expenditure of money, in which our nation has ever engaged. What will happen if that gamble fails? The special viciousness of those operations at present is that they have no clear terminus; no hint has even been given as to what the government intends to do when, as seems probable, the Treasury cannot any longer furnish the billions that will be needed to continue them. If the aid now being given is withdrawn next year, through exhaustion, and if the prices now being supported through that aid are allowed to slide, conditions are likely to be chaotic. With the failure of the Farm Board, it was widely asserted, the artificial attempts to support prices had come to an end; we had "learned our lesson." But the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is now engaged in precisely the same type of enterprise to the accompaniment of almost universal support. The tragic fact is that we have learned nothing.

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Mr. Hoover Stands Pat

HERBERT Hoover offers his record and his personal philosophy as the two principal reasons for his reelection. The country knows him so well both for his faith and his works that it seems hardly necessary to discuss either at length. The man has learned very little in the last three years, except, perhaps—as is suggested in his speech of August 11 accepting renomination—that flag-waving may get him a few additional votes. And so today he is somewhat more nationalistic in his attitude than he was in 1928. Four years ago he favored a "scientific" tariff; now he comes out "squarely for the protective tariff." He strongly opposes cancelation of the war debts, though he would swap the debts if he "were offered some other tangible form of compensation." This offer he merely mentions in passing; what he emphasizes is his unyielding opposition to cancelation. "These burdens," he declares, using the language of every spread-eagle politician, "must not be transferred to the backs of the American people." He insists "upon an army and navy of a strength which guarantees that no foreign soldier will land on American soil."

There are probably many votes in such campaign tactics, for there is some evidence of a rising wave of patriotism in this country, not among the unemployed and the dispossessed, of course, but among those citizens who still have jobs and a little property. But to clinch his argument Mr. Hoover launches another tirade against the radicals, meaning John Garner and Franklin Roosevelt as well as the Socialists and Communists. The President is against "haphazard experimentation," and refuses to "turn to a state-controlled or state-directed social or economic system in order to cure our troubles." He remains inflexible in his narrow devotion to that which he calls "the American way." We must, he declared, "preserve the fundamental principles of our social and economic system. That system is founded upon a conception of ordered freedom. The test of that freedom is that there should be maintained equality of opportunity to every individual, so that he may achieve for himself the best to which his character, his ability, and his ambition entitle him." If this is a true test, then the twelve million or more of our unemployed must be so lacking in character, ability, and ambition that they are entitled to nothing better than the protracted misery and privation they are now enduring. According to Mr. Hoover, the American system owes these unfortunates nothing more than his illusory "equality of opportunity." At the same time he asserts in the face of widespread hunger and distress that he has "provided methods and assurances that there shall none suffer from hunger and cold among our people."

It must be conceded that Mr. Hoover in this speech spoke more pointedly than has his Democratic opponent thus far in the campaign. We know now approximately in what manner Mr. Hoover intends to meet—or to evade—the issues of the campaign. We know how to answer him; we can never be sure just where to find Mr. Roosevelt. Only on prohibition does the virtue of plain speaking clearly lie with the latter. He is "100 per cent for repeal," and so is the Democratic platform on which he stands. President Hoover, like the Republican platform plank on which he insisted, faces both ways. He has undergone an eleventh-hour conversion; he does not want to miss the wet bandwagon; but it is still only a half-conversion, and he is still trying to keep one foot on the wagon and one foot on dry ground. The Republican platform, it will be remembered, favors an amendment "which, while retaining in the federal government power to preserve the gains already made in dealing with the evils inherent in the liquor traffic, shall allow the States to deal with the problem as their citizens may determine." Nobody, of course, can possibly know what this means; it is a flat self-contradiction. If the federal government really allows the States "to deal with the problem as their citizens may determine," it must relinquish the power "to preserve the gains already made"; if it retains that power, it cannot allow the States to deal with the problem "as their citizens may determine." Mr. Hoover's position is only slightly less dishonest than that of the Republican platform. He believes that "each State shall be given the right to deal with the problem as it may determine," but "that in no part of the United States shall there be a return of the saloon system." As a test of President Hoover's good faith, let him draw up and submit to discussion a new amendment to the constitution which would embody these aims. Let him tell how a constitutional amendment would define "saloon." And as his own Wickersham commission recommended that the present mandatory Eighteenth Amendment be replaced with a merely empowering amendment—the only feasible way, we think, of achieving Mr. Hoover's present ostensible aims—let him tell us why he dismissed that recommendation curtly and flatly, without condescending even to give his reasons.

Little Wonder Houses

AN enterprising New York department store has put on exhibition a complete and full-sized dwelling. It is called "The Little Wonder House," and surely there is in it much to be wondered at. It is a two-story, six-room "French Norman cottage." From the outside one approaches a medieval house of beams, plaster, and shingles. The shingles on the roof are "hand-riven," of all shapes and sizes, as if our age had never learned how to turn out uniform shingles by machine. They are laid in crooked lines, higgledy-piggledy, as if carpentry had not yet learned to lay shingles in straight lines. The architect apparently would have preferred a thatch roof, as historically more correct, but these shingles, we are told, give the same "delightful effect." The house professes to be built of rough-hewn beams, as if straight, machine-cut beams were not obtainable, and as if we had never learned any better method of construction. The beams profess to be held together by wooden pegs which project an inch or so from the beam construction, as if steel nails were not obtainable, or even saws to saw off the wooden pegs, or even competent joiners or fitters. And why all this elaborate dishonesty, this extravagant forgery? So that the house might be "picturesque," so that it mighty be "quaint," so that its occupants might play at living in the fifteenth century. All they would need to make the masquerade complete would be fifteenth-century costumes.

But inside—once they have got past the hammered wrought-iron lamps over the front door, the dove-cote, the

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"peasant" open fireplace with its great hood, the swinging crane for the kettle, "the random-width oak-plank floor," the alleged "French provincial type" furniture—inside, the inhabitants can begin to play furiously at living in the twentieth century. They are not, thank Heaven, expected to cook in the open fireplace. The kitchen has an electric stove, with electric clocks to regulate it automatically; it has an electric ice-chest, electric fans, electric toasters and waffle-irons, an electric mixer, a built-in electric dish-washing machine. And wonder of wonders, as you approach the kitchen door it swings open for you, automatically, because it is equipped with a mysterious photo-electric cell. In the rest of the house are, of course, not only electric lights, telephone, and radio, but air-cooling and conditioning units. And the bathrooms are 1932 design.

So complete a *reductio ad absurdum* of all historical forgeries is this fifteenth-twentieth-century house that it is difficult not to believe that it is simply a deliberate hoax perpetrated by one of the new international architects. "Here am I," the cottage seems to say, "I represent the zenith of what is now possible in twentieth-century living convenience. I could not have been as good as I am even a year ago. Isn't it ridiculous that I should be so up-to-date inside and so completely medieval outside? Wouldn't it be just as sensible to built a fourteenth-century state carriage around one of the new V-8 Ford automobile engines? By emphasizing and caricaturing this childish historical reminiscence now so rampant in domestic architecture, maybe I can persuade you to get rid of it once and for all."

And yet it may be that the "new international" architects, the "functionalist" architects, themselves have something to learn. The Little Wonder French Norman Cottage is fake picturesque, post-card quaint, and yet it recalls historically a style that did have authentic beauty. How much authentic beauty has the average factory, which is structurally "honest" and built according to "functionalist" doctrine? Or how much, even, have the more pretentious houses designed in accordance with the latest dogmas of the "functionalist" architects? Those that do not suggest a sawed-off section of an ocean-liner remind one of a packing box with windows or a good hen-coop on stilts. The code of the functionalists, it should by this time be obvious, rests on an ill-digested half-truth. Utility and structural honesty are, unquestionably, tests of good architecture. But they are tests which ought for the most part to be applied negatively, and not erected into fetishes or allowed to become exclusive aims. "Honest" architecture is as much to be desired as honest statesmanship, but architecture that is merely honest is no more necessarily great than a merely honest statesman is necessarily a great statesman. To know that any structure or design or detail is useless, tricky, or misleading is to find real aesthetic enjoyment impossible. But it does not follow that because any framework or mechanism exists or is necessary it must be revealed and pronounced ipso facto beautiful. The steel skyscraper might be no more improved by exposed ribs than the Venus de Milo. It is not necessary that the outer shell should reveal the framework or structure, but merely that it should not belie it. If the functionalists want to make such monstrosities as the Little Wonder House impossible in the future, let them, without retreating in their courageous battle for sound design, be not ashamed of frankly aiming for beauty in design also.

Mr. Stimson on Peace

SECRETARY Stimson's admirable address on the present status of the Kellogg Peace Pact, before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York on August 7, has very naturally echoed around the world, for it is a remarkable statement of what the United States Government thinks has been accomplished thus far by the Pact of Paris. It has especially stirred the authorities in Japan, and well may they be aroused if Mr. Stimson's words are taken at their face value. For he has made it clear once more that the American Government has not the slightest intention of recognizing the validity or legality of a single act of Japan's in Manchuria. Indeed, Mr. Stimson recalled that on March 11 last forty-nine out of fifty nations, constituting the Assembly of the League of Nations, with Japan alone dissenting, indorsed the action of the United States. No one could have been more careful than was Mr. Stimson in his every reference to Japan. But it is the facts and, let us hope, a guilty conscience, which make Japan wince whenever this matter comes up.

For the rest, Mr. Stimson's speech was extraordinarily well reasoned in its analysis of what has thus far been accomplished by the new attitude of the world toward war. It was not in the least a partisan or a campaign utterance, but merely a careful lawyer's analysis of the gains achieved. It is impossible to have heard it or to read it without being convinced that the Secretary desires to bring this new policy to complete fruition at the earliest possible time. And though the nations affected have not yet given the highest proof of their approval of the treaty by wholesale disarmament, it is none the less a momentous happening when an American Secretary of State solemnly reiterates his belief that war is not only outmoded, but impossible at the present state of the world's history as a means of settling international disputes. The Kellogg Pact, he stated again and again, "rests upon the sanction of public opinion, which can be made one of the most potent sanctions of the world."

Mr. Stimson pointed out that the old conception of international law was based upon the idea that each war was a private fight from which every neutral was barred. Now, instead of a war being nobody's business, it is everybody's business. A neutral nation not only has the *right* to speak out if it chooses but even has a *duty* to do so in order to preserve peace, lest even a tiny blaze again become a world-wide conflagration. Again, Mr. Stimson asserted that as long as the signatories of the pact support the American policy which the Hoover Administration "has endeavored to establish during the past three years of arousing a united and living spirit of public opinion as a sanction of the pact . . . consultations will take place as an incident to the unification of that opinion." We unqualifiedly agree with Mr. Stimson that if this policy is carried on by the nations in the spirit in which he spoke, the world will have taken a tremendous step toward peace. At the same time we must point out that as long as there are a million more men under arms than in 1914, and disarmament conferences lead rather toward increase of armaments than genuine disarmament, Mr. Stimson lays himself open to the charge that he is describing rather an ideal state than an existing one.

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Private Profits in Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, July 17

RECENT reforms which legalize the sale of agricultural products by Soviet collectives are regarded in some quarters as a Neo-Nep or a resurrected New Economic Policy which will pave the way back to private capitalism. The peasants, whether they are individual cultivators or banded together in kolhozi or collectives, are now permitted to retain a greater part of their harvests and to sell it at uncontrolled prices on the open market. The government has encouraged the selling operations of collectives by exempting them from taxation and by urging communities to supply market stalls, tea rooms, night lodgings, legal protection, and cultural facilities to peasants who come into town to dispose of their wares.

Very pressing circumstances impelled the government to introduce these far-reaching reforms. During the winter and spring of this year many districts in the Ukraine and in other republics lacked sufficient food and fodder. Horses and cattle died in large numbers. Thousands of peasants have been coming to Moscow and other large cities for work and nourishment. Such acute shortages are transitory. In fact, within a fortnight—by the end of July—the crops will have been harvested in most stricken areas, and the problem of feeding men and animals will have been solved for the time being.

But the issue is much more fundamental. The deficiency in bread was not due solely to a bad harvest last year. The depleted meat supply cannot be explained only by the death of cattle from hunger. Policy plays an important role in these questions. The root of the trouble lies in the faulty conduct of the state's grain-procurement campaign. Grain procurements are the purchase of the country's annual agricultural surplus by the state. That surplus has totaled as much as one-fourth of the entire crop. Its collection is the Soviet Government's largest single economic activity. But it was woefully mismanaged last year. The total seeded area in the Soviet Union in 1930 was 98,500,000 hectares; in 1931 104,500,000 hectares. This may justly be recorded as an achievement of collectivization and of Communist propaganda and organization. Weather intervened, however. Five large regions experienced drought, and the 1931 cereal crop fell sharply from the total of 83,700,000 tons in 1930. The government overlooked this fact. Despite the smaller yield, it took more out of the villages in the bad year than in the good year. The figures of state purchases of grain were 22,900,000 tons in 1931 against 22,100,000 in 1930. Despite the smaller yield, moreover, the government exported more in the bad year than in the good year. The figures are 5,058,000 tons of grain for 1931 as compared with 4,768,000 tons in 1930.

Now I know all the extenuating circumstances. I know that the Soviets must export in order to buy foreign machinery for the continuation of their successful industrialization program. They had to create a large military reserve to meet any contingency in the Far East. They had to feed the cities. Just at present, however, I am interested in the result of Bolshevik policy. The result was that many peasants who had given up their grain to the state at a low price immediately after the harvest were without bread later in the year and had to purchase it at higher prices than they had sold it—if they could get it at all. Peasants buying bread—that is the anomalous picture which Russia presented in recent months. Peasants, moreover, were deprived of so much grain through the state's procurements that they lacked seed for the current season, and when the government subsequently lent them seed they ate at least part of it. The practice of taking every last ton of cereals out of the village in order to meet the state's needs is destructive of the government's best interests, and will have to stop if agriculture is to progress. Moscow must curb the zeal of young Communists and rural administrators whose greatest pride is the execution of the plan of grain procurement irrespective of whether or not the given kolhoz or individual remains without food, fodder, and seed. Heretofore, too, shortsighted officials have compelled the peasants to sell to the state every additional ton which a good harvest brought them. This killed the peasants' initiative. The Communists tolerated such tactics for two years —to their own hurt. Today they are thundering against them. Improvements have been ordered. Most important is the May decree which reduces the volume of grain procurements from 22,900,000 tons in 1931 to 18,000,000 tons in 1932. (One can only hope that a bumper crop, which is unlikely, will not tempt the Kremlin to raise the figure.)

Now the peasants will not only keep more of their grain. The government has also been procuring meat, eggs, poultry, vegetables, fruit, etc. Previously, the peasants had to sell to the state their entire surplus of these products as well. Now the government's meat-procurement schedules have been reduced even more drastically than those for grain. A larger proportion of all agricultural goods, in fact, will stay in the hands of the peasants. They can market as much of it as they do not want themselves. This is the greatest innovation introduced by the May reforms.

The objection of the peasants to procurements was not merely that the state took all they did not eat and often much of what they should have eaten, but that it paid them a very low, cooperative price varying, last season, from one ruble twenty kopeks to two rubles per pood (thirty-six pounds) of grain. At the same time, however, the small quantities of grain that reached the open market brought anywhere up to twenty rubles a pood. The peasant felt that he was being cheated. The peasant, moreover, complained bitterly that though he sold his produce to the state at cooperative prices, he had to buy the little city goods he could lay hands on at highly inflated prices.

The May reforms enable the peasant to ask inflation prices for that part of his crop which he retains. A queer situation results: a kolhoz has a harvest of 10,000 poods. It keeps 7,000 poods for itself. It gives 2,000 poods to the state and gets only 4,000 rubles for them. It sells 1,000 poods on the market in free trade and gets 20,000 rubles

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for them. I have asked a score of Soviet agricultural experts here whether the mujik would not protest against such an arrangement and demand the total abolition of federal grain collections so that he could obtain a commercial price for his entire marketable excess instead of only for the smaller part of it. The answer was invariably in the negative. The peasants, I have been assured, will simply regard the state agricultural produce procurements as an exorbitant tax and will be content if the Bolsheviks let them take a reasonable price for what remains after the procurements have been sliced off.

Nevertheless, the tendency under the recent reforms will be for the government to procure less from the collectivized and individual peasants. The volume of goods going to market will therefore increase. But the state has very definite requirements. It is the sole exporter. It must feed the army. Heretofore, it has borne the responsibility of supplying the cities with bread and other articles of food. It procured the country's surplus produce and distributed it to the population on ration cards at low cooperative prices. Bread cards seem synonymous with scarcity. As a matter of fact, the ration system functioned, crudely to be sure, when relative plenty existed. It broke down this year in consequence of insufficient supplies. Many smaller towns have been taken off rations and must depend on the city markets and bazaars. Even in Moscow, which is favored above most other localities, rationing brings little more than bread, except, and the exception bulks large, in the case of important factories which have fairly well-stocked cooperatives. In giant construction centers, too, and at scores of big and pivotal plants throughout the country, the state is still feeding its employees and workers on the ration system. But quite a number of these industrial enterprises are taking steps to secure an independent food supply. They are organizing their own grain, dairy, rabbit, and vegetable farms which produce for them and only for them. They are making contracts with collectives for direct agricultural sales in return for manufactured commodities which they undertake to obtain for the peasants. The future promises further progress along this line. Rationing of everything but bread will probably disappear very soon. Ultimately bread will likewise be released for exclusive distribution through the collective and private markets that are quickly springing up in the cities. This will take time but it is the only logical possibility if the present policy is maintained.

The fact that the state grain farms are expected this year to yield the government 2,474,000 tons as compared to 1,770,000 tons in 1931 indicates the probable line of development. The government will try to obtain more and more grain and other produce for export, for the army, for the canning industry, and for isolated industrial enterprises from its own state farms. This will reduce the contributions which the collectives and private cultivators will be called upon to make to the state's procurement totals. If some day the state farms or sovhozi can meet all the government's needs, grain procurements can cease entirely, and the peasants will market everything they do not consume.

As involved as all this must sound, the reality is much more involved. It is complicated, for instance, by the problem of technical crops (cotton, flax, hemp, etc.) and leather. If the state procures less grain or meat or fish the general public pays a higher price for them on the market. But if it procures less of the technical crops and leather it must itself go into the market and pay the peasants inflation prices. For the government textile and shoe factories are the chief consumers of these articles. Will the government pay the growers of the technical crops a new price above the present cooperative level or will it satisfy them by distributing sufficient quantities of commodities to them at low prices which stand in normal relationship to what they obtain for their crops? The policy has not yet crystallized itself. I am inclined to believe that Moscow will adopt the latter course and keep price standards down; the Kremlin fears further inflation.

Inflation is an excellent focal point from which the whole Soviet agricultural situation can be viewed. The Soviets will stubbornly refuse to admit in so many words the existence of inflation in the U. S. S. R. Nevertheless, the ruble is greatly depreciated and the authorities recognize this fact by selling goods in Torgsin stores and accommodations in certain hotels for foreign valuta instead of Soviet currency, and by charging either 30 cents (the par equivalent would be 60 kopeks) or 2 rubles—200 kopeks—for the same glass of coffee in the Metropole Cafe. To be sure, the distribution of goods through cooperatives has protected considerable sections of the population from all the evil effects of an enlarged circulation. But now that the cooperatives sell less and the markets more—at inflation prices—every family's budget tends to rise. One would naturally deduce, therefore, that the circumstances attendant on the new agricultural reforms will force the government to increase wages, print more paper currency, and give free rein to inflationary tendencies. Wages have been mounting steeply and so, incidentally, has the maximum salary in the Communist Party. Yet the recent decrees with all the accompanying changes should, in the end, check inflation and improve the purchasing ability of the ruble. The chief weapon of the Soviet Government against inflated currency is not fiscal manipulations or additions to the gold supply but an increase in the volume of merchandise. Indeed, most of the Bolsheviks' economic difficulties will disappear the moment the goods famine is eliminated.

The government is making heroic efforts to swell the volume of consumers' goods. This is one of the aims of the second Five-Year Plan, but before the first is finished, circumstances are compelling the Bolsheviks to reach out for the goal of the second. Foundries built to manufacture locomotives or rails are devoting part of their time and all of their scrap metal to the production of pails, anvils, nails, knives, forks, spoons, etc. Heavy industry, in other words, is coming to the assistance of the light industries which were neglected between 1928 and 1931. All light industries have increased their production appreciably this year. Small artels of artisans and even individual private artisans are being encouraged to stimulate their output. Every possible source of manufactured commodities is under official instructions to raise production. And the more goods that come to market the more prices will fall. At the same time, the government's decrees favoring collective and individual peasant trade in agricultural produce have already increased the supply of foodstuffs. Even in a bad year, when the peasant is inclined to keep the little he has for his own table, the May reforms have started a considerable flow of village products to the city. Prices, naturally, are dropping. Reduced prices

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of agricultural and factory foods must check inflation, because the population will need less paper money for its purchases.

City products are called upon to perform still another function: to persuade the peasant to sell. He is pleased to receive more rubles for his surplus. But if he cannot convert these rubles into goods he does not want money at all. He may boycott the new bazaars unless the state offers him its most effective inducement: goods. The order has therefore gone out from highest quarters that every available shred of factory product is to be shipped post-haste into the villages. At least 40 per cent of the output of light industry, and 80 per cent in some branches, has been earmarked for rural consumption. The cities, formerly favored by the Bolsheviks, are being denuded of goods for the sake of the countryside. Yet that which the city surrenders disappears quickly in the great Sahara of the peasant goods scarcity.

The government is the chief producer of factory goods and can, through its trusts and syndicates and through the cooperatives (all of which have revised their prices upward) distribute these goods in the villages without the intervention of a middleman. But the revival of the small independent artisans, and above all the appearance of peasant trade, provide a fertile field for private merchants and "speculators." Moreover, given the present scarcity, any article can be sold at 100 per cent profit if its purchaser is ready—and many are—to step just around the corner into the arms of another person who wants the same commodity but cannot buy it. There is a great deal of this petty speculation in the Soviet Union. In winter, when the peasant may not wish to drive into town for the sake of a few eggs or a hen or two, the function of the middleman will broaden.

The recent innovations leave the business of distribution of food products in a state of chaos. Again the most effective solution is a plentiful supply. In the meantime "bagmen" carrying food into the towns will multiply. They will not dare to open stores. The collectives are being urged to shun the "speculator" and to organize new forms of marketing. Today, each kolhoz and individual farmer comes into the city market. They may prefer the services of a "speculator." But if the village cooperative stores evolve an efficient substitute for the "bagman" and themselves engage in gathering up the village surplus (unless the village wishes to send its own representatives to the city market), the evil of surreptitious, petty private trading may be crushed, especially since these same cooperatives, as chief distributors for the state's factories, provide an excellent means of compelling the peasant to use them as his selling agency. If he speculates he will not be allowed to buy in the cooperative. A system of barter may develop.

It is too early to say whether the right to trade, recently granted anew to the peasants, will strengthen the private capitalist elements within Soviet economy. There is nothing essentially un-socialist or anti-socialist in kolhoz merchandizing. Previously, the kolhozi sold to the state which then sold to the ultimate consumer. In the future, to a greater extent than before, the kolhoz will reach the consumer directly. But if the new system is permitted to breed a class of go-betweens then, of course, private trade will have been given a fresh fillip.

The balance between the socialist and private-capitalistic factors in Soviet economy is affected by yet another change introduced by the May reforms. Communist policy now discourages the collectivization of the cattle, sheep, poultry, and truck garden which constitute the peasant's own barnyard household. Originally, when the kolhozi were formed, machinery and working animals were communized, but the less important items of the farmer's property remained his private possessions. Subsequently, however, local Bolsheviks proceeded to collectivize cows, chickens, vegetable plots, etc. The central authorities connived at their deeds. This is a charitable judgment, for ignorance of such a widespread practice would put the Soviet regime in an even worse light. At any rate, the peasants reacted to the collectivization of cattle and other animals by slaughtering them wholesale. The country witnessed a repetition of the events of 1930, when a similar move by the authorities provoked a similar extermination of livestock. Apparently, the Bolsheviks learned too little from that costly lesson. Perhaps they will take this second lesson more seriously. On paper, at least, they have strictly interdicted further collectivization within the kolhozi. If the new order is observed, the peasants will object less to the collectives.

Eighty per cent of the area sown this spring in the Soviet Union is collectivized or state farm land. This is greater progress than the most sanguine Bolshevik ever expected. I do not believe that free trading will stimulate a flight from the collectives. The kolhoz will be favored over the private peasant in the distribution of consumers' goods, and of tractors, combines, and other agricultural equipment. Assuming, as I do, that collectivized farm economy enjoys innumerable advantages over the primitive private-capitalist tilling of the Russian mujik, there can be no doubt that the peasants will themselves prefer to stay in the kolhozi, especially since the kolhozi may now grow rich through the sale of their excess products. A rich kolhoz will not be persecuted; a rich private peasant or kulak will.

The objection to Bukharin's 1925 summons to the individual peasants to "Enrich yourself" was that it threatened to create a well-to-do class of peasants whose fundamental interests would be anti-Soviet. But bolshevism does not prohibit the enrichment of socialistically organized citizens. In fact, its chief aim is the prosperity of all persons whose economic activity is not private-capitalistic. Proletarians and collectivized peasants, since they earn by working and not by exploiting, may own as much property as they can legally acquire without contravening Communist principles. Through the machine-tractor stations, through Communist members, and through the consumers' cooperatives in the village, the Soviets exercise a decisive influence on the kolhozi, and there is no danger, I think, of their becoming capitalist bulwarks.

The New Economic Policy of 1921 created a class of rich peasants, a larger class of peasants who wanted to become rich, and a considerable class of private merchants or Nepmen. Yet such was the strength of the "proletarian heights"—the foreign trade monopoly, the government ownership of industry, etc.—that private-capitalistic tendencies were reduced to insignificance in the cities beginning in 1927, and in the villages after 1929. The "proletarian heights" are today much higher and better fortified. The number of enemies on the plains is smaller. In fact, large armies have descended from the heights to occupy the plains. A reversion to capitalism is altogether unlikely.

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Guesses for Sale

The Record of the Professional Forecasters

By W. H. GARFIELD

NOT the least flourishing business of the New Era was that of "investment counsel." Between 1925 and 1929, as more and more people with less and less knowledge of securities became interested in security speculation, there was an increasing demand for advice. Bond and brokerage houses would have liked to furnish it themselves, for to be both adviser and merchant is very profitable. But they, too, needed counsel. The market had become so broad that it was impossible for them to keep informed on all the issues. What was needed was the advice of experts who professed knowledge of what prices would do, as a result of devoting their full time to the study of securities, instead of part of it to selling them.

This began to be provided by the organizations already engaged in advising on business. It is true that their success in this latter field had not been conspicuous, but that only furnished more reason for trying another which promised to be more lucrative. At any rate, under their auspices a union was arranged between the brokerage-house market letter and the business forecast. The resulting offspring inherited traits from both parents. Market letters left an unmistakable imprint on the financial advisory organizations. From the other side of the family, the services took the assumption that security prices as well as business activity move in cycles.

All the leading stock market advisers—the Babson Statistical Organization, the Brookmire Economic Service, Moody's Investors Service, and the Standard Statistics Company—subscribe to the "long-pull" plan of investment. They believe that the investor makes best of his funds by placing them in stocks when business is recovering from a depression, holding these stocks (for years, if necessary) until prosperity arrives, and then selling to realize the appreciation. At least that is what they profess to believe. It sometimes seems as if the advice "hold for the long pull" means really "hold and hope that everything will come out all right in the end in spite of everything." Certainly the record of the advisory services in the last three years casts considerable doubt on their complete acceptance of the long-pull cycle theory. Buying recommendations have been numerous and frequent, but advice to sell has been conspicuous by its almost complete absence.

During 1927, 1928, and most of 1929 buying recommendations, whatever they were, were of course hugely successful. But as September 3, 1929 (the high point of the market, measured by the Dow-Jones index of industrial stocks) approached, few of the advisory services gave any evidence of realizing that the bull market was nearly over. It is true that the Babson organization, whose leading spirit had been gloomy for almost two years, headed its comment of August 19, 1929, "No Time to Buy Inflated Issues," which raises the interesting question of whether there is ever a time to buy inflated issues. Be that as it may, the organization added: "Not that we think a panic is right around the corner. We do not think so."

The same day, Standard Statistics was assuring its clients: "We do not anticipate a major setback in the general market." Two weeks before, Moody's was singing this paean of progress: "It would appear that the financial and industrial leaders of the country are imbued with extraordinary energy and conviction, each endeavoring to outdo the other in the conception and execution of gigantic projects of consolidation and development, designed to effect economies in operation and increase the productivity and wealth of our industries." The Brookmire Economic Service said, on August 26, 1929: "There is no reason yet to liquidate well-chosen stocks, although for the present new positions should be taken with great caution."

The index reached and passed 381 (the highest point on record) on September 3, without any further expressions of caution. Three weeks of declining prices which ensued failed to shake the faith of the services. They continued to recommend purchase of various issues.

By September 30 Standard Statistics seemed to sense danger and published a vigorous warning. "We would seek," it said, "to further augment cash reserves. We would go through portfolios with a fine-tooth comb and weed out all issues which are not of first-rank merit." Periods of strength were to be regarded "as opportunities for lightening loads." None of the others was similarly alarmed. Indeed, on the same date Moody's published a list of stocks to buy, advising subscribers to "take advantage of the current period of weakness to round out their list of holdings."

Prices continued to decline during October, 1929. By the 28th Standard Statistics had shifted its position: "We see no justification whatever for disposing of intrinsically meritorious issues at present levels. . . . In the case of high-grade issues . . . we see no reason why purchases should be further deferred." (In its advertising some months later Standard Statistics frequently quoted from its advice of September 30, 1929, but never, to my knowledge, from that of October 28, 1929.)

Standard was not alone in its confidence. "The time has come," the Brookmire said, "to use part of the investor's cash reserves to purchase common stocks." Moody's could "see no cause for alarm whatever for the investor." Only Babson was still skeptical. "Do not invest those liquid funds yet," he cautioned.

The next day the storm broke. Sixteen million shares changed hands in the worst panic in the history of the New York Stock Exchange. The Dow-Jones index closed 30 points lower than the day before. Moreover, in subsequent days there was little evidence of any rallying tendency. This had a sobering effect on the forecasters. Nothing seems to destroy their faith in the "long pull" like a few weeks of declining prices. By November 11, 1929, Moody's thought: "It is better to delay any buying until the situation clears." Standard Statistics suddenly found that it had been advising no buying, and said: "We continue to advise against pur-

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chases of the general run of stocks." Babson wrote that "clients should have patience and watch for the bargains which we know still lie ahead." Only Brookmire published a list of stocks to buy. On November 13, two days later, came the lowest prices of the year, with a drop in the Dow-Jones index of 11 points to 198. The initial break in the big bull market, then, caught all of the forecasting services unawares. None of them had considered it sufficiently imminent to make any attempt to have clients sell all, or even any substantial portion, of holdings. They failed in the first test.

They were allowed several other chances. Between November 13 and December 7, 1929, the index of average prices recovered 65 points to 263. In the interval all four organizations advised purchases of stocks. All four failed to take advantage of the December high to counsel sales. More than a week later Standard Statistics ventured this cautious comment: "It is now our opinion that all stocks except those which the holder is willing to carry over a period of at least six months, irrespective of intermediate fluctuations, should be disposed of." Here the exception vitiates what might have been good advice if the organization had not been so anxious to "protect itself." For who would not be willing to hold stocks for another six months if encouraged to believe that a profit could be realized in that period? And the following week the organization definitely advised "against disposing of intrinsically sound stocks."

After a recession to 230 on December 20, 1929, the Dow-Jones index advanced until, on April 17, 1930, it stood at 294, the highest point after the panic. In this interval there were several selling recommendations. Brookmire on February 3, 1930, advised "some selling now," but said, "Hold your best stocks." Standard Statistics commented on February 17: "We . . . suggest that advantage be taken of current strength to sell those issues which in comparison with others in the same category and of approximately equal merit are priced unusually high on the basis of prospective earnings for the first half of 1930." This might have been good advice, had clients been able to figure out what securities were meant.

The Babson organization gave its clients on March 3, 1930, this counsel of perfection: "Don't neglect to take good profits in stocks whenever they are available." On April 14, just before the peak was reached, it remarked: "The buyer must now be prepared for reactions and be very selective in his thinking"—the meaning of which is obscure, but which I cite because of its mention of "the buyer" rather than "the seller" to indicate the attitude. On the same date Standard Statistics said: "We would not disturb strictly long-pull commitments . . . we would, however, accept trading profits during periods of strength on a fairly liberal scale." Unfortunately just three days of strength followed.

Even after the April high point was reached, Brookmire's advised sales, once on April 28, 1930, and again on May 19, 1930. But on June 9 and June 23 they instructed clients to use some of the funds for new purchases. The index declined to 211 on June 24 and subsequently recovered to 240 on July 28. But save for the Brookmire recommendations mentioned above, no sales were suggested by any of the other advisory services. And Brookmire on July 14 advised clients to invest 5 per cent more of their funds.

During the long decline of the index from 240 on July 28, 1930, to 157 on December 16, 1930, the Brookmire service was again the only one to suggest sales. On August 11 it said: "We now believe it is advisable to work back toward the more conservative position advised in April and May," and gave a list of stocks to be sold. The Babson organization advocated the inauguration of a buying program on September 15, 1930, with the heading "Stocks will Advance this Fall," and had suggested investment of 50 per cent of the common stock fund by the end of the year. Standard Statistics, with many qualifications, advised purchases on October 14. Moody's abandoned, for the time being, buying advice and headed their November 10 comment "Tax Sales Ought Now to Be Considered." Otherwise, they warned emphatically against selling stocks held for investment. After August, 1930, the Brookmire service adopted a policy of waiting. No one suggested sales to avoid a further decline, but the market continued to go down until December.

Nor were any sales suggested on the next rally, which culminated on February 24, 1931, with the index of stock prices at 194. By that time the Babson organization had forgotten its enthusiasm of the previous fall. It solemnly assured its subscribers on February 16 that "conditions are not yet right for a stock-market boom. There is no rush, therefore, to buy good stocks." February 23 found Brookmire's saying: "We are not recommending the use of additional reserves now," although some buying had been suggested a week before. Moody's favored "buying investment stocks, just as we have done for several weeks past." Standard Statistics believed that there was "ample justification for the retention of sound equities. . . . We would strive to effect further accumulation for the next major upswing on moderate reactions."

In the valley between the February 24 peak and the lower one of 156 on June 27, 1931, only one sales recommendation was issued—by Standard Statistics. On March 30 they suggested that "at least a portion of profits accrued thus far in 1931 might well be accepted." Babson's informed clients on June 8, 1931, that "these are special buying opportunities—not a time to unload sound values. We are just as sure that we are near the latter stages of the bear market *as we were sure the bull market was on its last legs two years before we sent up the danger signals in 1929.*" This habit of the Babson organization of being two years ahead of time has proved rather costly to its subscribers. A week later, June 15, 1931, Standard Statistics, without qualification, advised "substantial purchases of carefully selected common stocks at or near the current market."

None of the forecasters took advantage of the June 27 high to advise sales, although Moody's on June 29 wrote that "the coming months are fairly certain to see some further periods of weakness and irregularity." Brookmire's advised clients to wait for better conditions before buying, and Babson's warned against following rallies. Thus passed another opportunity to save clients a further depreciation of almost 50 per cent. For between June 27 and October 5, 1931, the Dow-Jones industrial index dropped from 156 to 86. Instead, however, of advising sales, all the organizations except Moody's (whose clients had presumably long since used all their cash in following their numerous previous buying recommendations) suggested more buying.

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The Babson organization, on July 5, 1931, advised clients that 50 per cent of the common stock fund "should now be gradually invested." On August 10 Standard Statistics fell in line with the comment: "Any further important weakness will constitute another real opportunity to accumulate desired issues for long-term holding." Reassured, Babson's came out on August 17, 1931, with the following confident statement: "This is no time for fear concerning any stock which is fundamentally sound. The market will gather strength this fall. Prices should be higher." Brookmire's on August 24 said: "Use one-half of your cash buying power for the purchase of common stocks now."

But on October 5, when the market reached its nadir, Standard Statistics said: "We have no hesitancy in continuing to advocate that investors still maintain adequate cash reserves." The Brookmire service deemed it "the part of conservatism to defer additional purchases of common stocks." Moody's recommended that "liquid positions now held by clients be maintained," without explaining how those liquid positions had been achieved. Only the Babson organization was still confident. It headed its advice "Buy—Don't Sell," and urged clients "to take advantage of these convulsively low prices."

As prices started their next ascent, Standard Statistics followed suit. "Without essential qualification," they said on October 13, 1931, "we recommended a substantial further step in the common-stock accumulation program," and published a list of stocks to buy. Brookmire and Moody maintained their position unchanged.

On November 9, 1931, the index of industrial stock prices reached 116.79, an advance of 30 points, or more than 35 per cent, in little more than a month. Here were potential profits to be cashed by Babson and Standard Statistics clients. But that date found none of the services suggesting sales. Standard Statistics thought that "good common stocks . . . are cheap in the long-term viewpoint." Babson was cautioning new clients to "buy only on weak spots." The Brookmire service advised "clients to maintain reserve buying power for use at a later date," but said nothing about liquidation of the holdings bought in August. Moody's declined to recommend the purchase of stocks, but also failed to suggest sales. The idea that profits can be made by purchases alone still persisted!

Nor did any of the advisers suggest disposal of holdings as the index of prices descended to a new low of 71.24 on January 5, 1932, and recovered to 88.78 on March 8, 1932. Throughout that period Moody's and Brookmire's continued to advise against purchase, keeping cautiously silent about sales. Babson advised additional placement of 10 per cent of the common-stock funds on November 30, 1931, and maintained this bullish position up to the next peak. Standard Statistics began recommending purchases on January 18, 1932, again and continued optimistic through February.

March 8, 1932, was the last conspicuous opportunity the organizations have had, to date, to save money for subscribers by sale of securities. Had any of them taken full advantage of it they would, even though almost two and a half years late, have saved their clients a further depreciation of more than 50 per cent. For between March 8 and July 8, 1932, the Dow-Jones index of industrial stock prices dropped from 88.78 to 41.22. Instead, none of them suggested sales of any stocks, Babson suggesting purchases on April 18, April 25, May 16, and June 10, and Standard Statistics issuing buying recommendations on June 6 and June 13.

July 8 found Brookmire and Moody still pessimistic, definitely advising against purchases. Standard Statistics was less gloomy, and Babson was openly hopeful, but even they did not suggest purchases. Not until August 1, after the index of industrial stocks had advanced 33 per cent did they scrape up enough courage to say "buy." Moody's climbed on the bandwagon August 8, leaving only Brookmire advising against purchases.

Thus we bring to a close our survey of forecasters who could not forecast. Having missed the opportunity to have their clients cash in on their profits before the market crash of 1929, they had at least seven subsequent major chances to save money for them by advising complete withdrawal from the market. Not one of these chances was used to the full by any of the organizations. Most of them were completely ignored. Instead, they plunged investors in deeper and deeper with more and more buying recommendations. And then, when the market did turn, they were three weeks late in realizing it.

One can surely find in this record sufficient justification for the irony of Lawrence Dennis: "Thus far, economic forecasters have proved that there are just two ways of making money out of guesses about the economic future. The first way is to sell the guesses to subscribers." For investment advice is expensive. The Standard Trade and Securities Service costs $180 a year, Moody's Investment Letter service costs $150, Babson's financial service costs $120, and the Brookmire Analyst, $60. These are the publications from which I have quoted in this article. It is a curious fact that the record of accuracy appears to have little relation to the cost of the service; if anything, the cheapest service of the four has a little the edge on the others. And it is an open question whether even that has been worth its cost. Would not the average investor, unaided, have done better by following his instinct not to buy on a declining market?

Certainly the foregoing summary can hardly be read as anything but a record of failure. It naturally raises the question why organizations presumably so well equipped for economic research and forecasting should fail so miserably at it. For one thing, until the last three years the difficulty of the task was enormously under-estimated. Despite the advance of statistical technique, the multiplication of available figures, and the development of forecasting practice, economics has not yet, to put it mildly, become an exact science. Even assuming that any one of the organizations could appraise the technical and statistical factors in a given situation correctly, it would not necessarily lead to a correct forecast of what would happen. For the "human element" must still be included, and what a human being will do in any given situation is never entirely certain. Secondly, of the organizations considered, only one has worked out a definite theory of forecasting which it still uses. And the Babson method of forecasting has been for years subject to severe criticisms by students of the subject. The others work on a basis that is but a shade removed from guess and intuition. Thirdly, none of the advisory services, to my knowledge, takes the trouble to keep an objective record of its own batting average. That might be sobering.

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The Mexican Return

By ROBERT N. McLEAN

THE train was ready to go. Hand upon throttle, the engineer leaned from his cab. Behind him were ten plush-upholstered day coaches, loaded with six hundred Mexicans who were "going home." The windows were filled with brown faces, some sad, some eager; along the sides of the cars were little groups of county relief agents and workers from various churches and community houses, who under one pretext or another had succeeded in crashing the gates. Outside, a massed wall of humanity pressed against the iron fence. For one who was going, ten had come to say goodby. It was just like the other trains which had been leaving Los Angeles on Thursday mornings—like the others but different, because inside the red-plush coaches were different people with different stories of suffering, hunger, and heartache. "All aboard!" sang the conductor, and the train began to move out of the station. As one car rolled by, a mother was seen comforting a little girl of about ten. And then these words, spoken in perfect English, floated through the window: "I don't want to go to Mexico! All my friends are in Brooklyn Avenue school, and I want to stay here!" But the train gathered momentum and swept out of the yards.

The press has had much to say during the past few months about the Mexicans who have gone home, but little has been said about the thousands of United States citizens who have been carried away by their parents to a land which they have never seen. Nor have we faced the fact that many of the parents who are taking these United States-born children out of the country, have been here so long that in their habits and ways of living they are far more "American" than Mexican.

The Mexican labor invasion of the United States—and the subsequent return—is one of the largest and most interesting racial movements in all history. In a time of economic stress such as the present we lose all sense of perspective. We forget why the Mexican came and why he has tarried so long, and we are blind to the injustices which are forcibly uprooting him from communities where he has cast his lot, built his home, and begotten his children. All we can see at such a moment as this is bread lines. And men of dark complexion are holding jobs which "white" men ought to have.

In August of 1931 a new law went into effect in California which makes it practically impossible for a contractor to employ Mexicans upon a public job. That, of course, means the bulk of the cement work and the work with pick and shovel—jobs which have been the recognized portion of the Mexicans for a dozen years. Even if the law permitted the employment of the "bronze" laborer, so strong is the social pressure now being exerted that few employers would care to defy it. At least one paving concern has temporarily gone out of business because it cannot carry on without Mexicans and the law will not permit them to be used. In one California community a contractor took refuge in the town hall in order to escape from a mob infuriated because he was using Mexican labor.

Even in times of economic strain and stress the foreign laborer is entitled to a square deal. Back of the lines of race and blood there are certain facts which merit consideration. The Mexican laborer came to this country to render a particular contribution at a time of particular need. The war depleted for a time our labor supply, while speeding up our industries. We had less labor and we needed more. Bursting shells on the fields of France proclaimed copper king. The large companies operating in southeastern Arizona, the greatest copper-producing district of the world, worked their mines to the utmost, leasing mineral land they could not work to other operators. Mexicans poured into Bisbee, Douglas, Miami, Globe, Ray, Jerome, and Morceni, and have been there ever since. At about the same time large areas of new citrus plantings began to come into bearing, and Mexicans by the thousand came to California to pick oranges. It was of prime importance during the war that transportation should not be interrupted, and Mexicans came over to man the section gangs and tamp the ties. Mexicans have been tamping ties on the railroads of the Southwest ever since, and have spread out along other lines into the North and East. The Mexican laborer came because we invited him and because we could not get along without him.

But it might be thought that after the national emergency was passed and our soldiers had returned from France, the Mexicans could have gone home. Not so. A number of new factors conspired not only to hold here the Mexicans already arrived, but to draw hundreds of thousands of their friends and relatives. First must be mentioned the new irrigation projects. The Roosevelt dam, the Elephant Butte, the Yuma project, the extension of the ditches in the Imperial Valley—all brought vast new acreages under cultivation. The lower Rio Grande valley almost overnight changed from a desert into a garden, and hands beckoned across the river for help to work the crops. The Salt River valley of Arizona, feeling the miraculous touch of water, grew long-staple cotton and called for Mexicans to pick it. When the bottom fell out of the cotton market, the growers quickly switched to lettuce and kept their Mexicans to "chop" it. In the Imperial Valley of California the lettuce acreage grew, until last season a total of eleven thousand cars rolled out of the valley to Eastern markets. Vying with lettuce, cantaloupes demanded Mexican labor, and during last May and June it took 21,400 cars to haul the melons to our breakfast tables. There is a common impression abroad that one American can do the work of three Mexicans. But no race can compete with the Mexicans in picking cantaloupes. Even the Japanese employ them, and the growers say that only a Mexican seems to have that sixth sense which tells when a cantaloupe is ready for the crate.

During the time of our agricultural expansion, the growers of oranges, grapes, cotton, melons, and winter vegetables not only invited the Mexicans, but even bid actively and acrimoniously among themselves for the amount of Mexican labor which was available. And whenever anyone sug-

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gested that the supply was beginning to exceed the demand and that perhaps society was paying a stiff price for its Mexican labor in the social costs involved, the growers sped their representatives to Washington to lobby against the various bills which were successively introduced to put Mexico upon a quota basis.

One cannot say or write anything about the Southwest without eventually bumping up against the fact that Los Angeles has grown. But while it grew from a city of less than half a million at the close of the war to over a million in 1930, it was compelled to build new houses and school buildings, lay new sewers and water mains, and pave hundreds of miles of new streets. Often it was in such a hurry about it that the streets were paved before the sewers were laid, but the work had to be done in a hurry and Mexicans did it. While the Mexican laborer was needed in both agriculture and industry, we were glad to have him hold the job in which he was employed. We were perfectly willing that he should do our dirty work for us. We became "labor conscious." We developed the phrase "the work no white man will do"! Americans could not stand the heat of the desert, and so Mexicans tamped the ties and built the bridges.

Americans would not pick cotton—unless they were "cheap white trash"—and so the Mexicans did it. Americans would not labor in the heat with pick and shovel, and so Mexicans speedily filled the ranks of all the labor gangs. Americans would not "chop" lettuce all morning and then spend all afternoon trying to find out whether it was the grower or the contractor who was supposed to pay them. And so it was the Mexican laborers who jumped on the trucks at dawn and drove out to the lettuce fields to chop until noon. We developed a racial superiority toward certain types of labor, which came to be thought of as Mexican jobs. Thus the "bronze" man became the hewer of wood and the drawer of water in the Southwest. Simultaneously the large employers contrived to maintain the labor reservoir at a high level. It paid to keep the Mexicans both numerous and hungry.

Some day, perhaps, somebody with a flare for statistics will try to evaluate the contribution which the Mexican laborer has rendered in the building of an empire in the Southwest. He has done all the common work on practically every one of California's two hundred crops. He has maintained the lines of transportation. Every industry has been dependent upon him. And as is always the case with the common laborer, he has put much in and taken little out. Today, under the strain of economic adversity, we forget that during these years the Mexican has become part of our community life. We forget that his children have been born here and educated in our schools. We forget that he has given his best years to our industries and in doing so has forfeited his place in his own land. We forget that by the sweat of his brow he has earned a place in our economic life. We are sending him home. There is little gratitude in our hearts.

But the most amusing thing about it all—amusing were it not so tragic—is the attitude taken by our own border immigration service toward this army of Mexican laborers. When we needed them we forgot our own laws, closing our eyes while Mexicans crossed the line. There were not enough men to patrol the border, there were no funds for deportation, and anyway the crops were perishing for want of pickers. As one official said, "I just have to shut my eyes to keep from crowding them off the sidewalk when I come down to work in the morning." It has been estimated that seven out of ten who came over between 1919 and 1929 came illegally; and most of them found it so easy to come that they are unconscious of any wrongdoing. Hundreds say naively: "I just crossed the bridge and nobody asked me any questions." Now the line is practically closed to the common laborer, and our reinforced border patrol, with plenty of money for deportations, is running up and down roads stopping Mexicans and asking dramatically: "How in the world did *you* get across the line?" And unless they can prove a legal domicile they are deported or told that they will be deported if they do not go of their own accord. In all this we have done little law-making. We have, indeed, armed our border service with a new law which makes it a felony for a foreigner to enter illegally. Otherwise our laws are as they were. They have been changed only by interpretation. But always more laws have been made by interpretation than by legislation.

Briefly, then, the Mexicans who are going home may be divided into five classes. First, there are those who are being deported—and Mexican deportations have reached as high as half of all those in the country. Second, there are those who are going because they have been told they will be deported unless they go voluntarily. Third, there is the great class made up of those who know they are here illegally, and who tremble every time there is a knock at the door or an American speaks to them upon the street. Composing the fourth class are those whose way is being paid to the border by county relief agencies, which often make their grants of relief dependent upon the promise to return to Mexico at some later date. And the fifth class is made up of those who have long been out of work, and having sacrificed their homes for a fraction of what they are worth, are using the proceeds to go back to Mexico in the hope that things may be a little better and in the conviction that they cannot be any worse. During the first ten months of 1931 the number returning to Mexico outnumbered those entering the United States by 75,337.

Just what effect will this mass movement have upon the Southwest? And what will be its effect upon Mexico? Nobody expects the present depression to last forever. And when it is over the "white" man who has wrenched the pick and the shovel from the hands of the Mexican laborer, in order to drive the wolf from the door, will drop them and turn to other pursuits. Again there will be "work no white man will do." And when that time comes, unless we are willing to let our crops rot in the fields, we shall either beg the Mexicans to come back or import Negroes, Filipinos, and Porto Ricans. We shall find then that we have exiled both producers and consumers. And what about Mexico? Is anyone so simple as to believe in this period of world depression that Mexico is able to absorb an army of new laborers every month? What are they doing? What of the man who barefoot and with his belongings done up in a blanket left his ancestral village ten years ago—a village where life moves placidly along as it did in the seventeenth century? When he returns driving a second-hand car, will he drop back quietly into the niche from which he came? And if not, into what niche will he fit? What will the Americanized Mexican do to Mexico?

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Civilization and the Poet

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"THE world," said Emerson, "seems to be always awaiting its poet," and though the saying is a true one we are, perhaps, not wrong in supposing that the need of our particular world for "its poet" is more than usually acute. Emerson certainly intended the term to be taken in its widest significance to mean the possessor of one of those articulate imaginations which can communicate a sense that the world of our experience has a unity and meaning, and it is certainly just from the absence of any such sense that we suffer. Our best writers of verse themselves define rather than triumph over the prevailing mood produced by the feeling that we are lost in a meaningless chaos. But the phenomenon is not merely literary and we lack a satisfactory life for the same reasons that we lack our comprehensive poet. Poems and civilization are alike the result of affirmations sweeping enough to make form out of what seems confusion.

Nor is this analogy between the kind of affirmation which makes poems and the kind which makes civilizations merely an analogy. The poem and the civilization are parallel phenomena—one occurring in the realm of thought and the other in the realm of action, but each the result of some passionate faith inclusive enough to give form either to living or to contemplation. Each implies an imagination powerful enough to interpret in humanly usable terms the data present in the consciousness, but each implies also that these data shall be capable of such interpretation; and the first question which inevitably arises in connection with contemporary conditions is the question whether or not the data of the contemporary consciousness is susceptible of such a humanly usable interpretation.

It has long been suspected—justly or not—that an "Iliad" was easier to write in the year 1000 B. C. than it would be today. The anthropomorphic religion and the naive patriotism of the primitive Greeks were in themselves so simply human, so in harmony with instinctive human thought and behavior, that they made easily possible the attempt to see human life as ample, significant, and harmonious. But this religion and this patriotism were themselves possible only because these primitive Greeks knew so little of nature that they could construct a universe made almost exclusively from the materials which they found in themselves and could people it with gods made in their own image. Since their time, knowledge has been constantly busy with the criticism of every structure erected by the human mind. It has been posing ever more difficult problems to the imagination which would arrange that knowledge into a humanly satisfactory pattern, until men have begun at last to wonder whether or not any imagination is equal to the task, whether we have not been overwhelmed by knowledge (or what seems like knowledge) and compelled to witness a triumph of Nature over Art.

Many of the data which the imagination has found it so difficult to find a place for in any humanly useful conception of the universe as a whole are, of course, scientific. The pattern into which we have arranged what we know of nature is obviously incompatible with those conceptions of man's place in it which underlie some of the noblest poems as well as some of the noblest civilizations. Science has also encouraged certain tendencies of thought which increase the difficulty since it has promoted, for example, a general distrust of the validity of spontaneous conviction and a tendency to seek out the prejudice behind what seems to us at first sight our most inevitable affirmations. But it would be a mistake to suppose that all knowledge of the sort which makes epic poetry or epic culture difficult has been the result of scientific thought.

The artist himself, hardly less than the scientist, has peered into many dark and unlovely corners. He too has the passion, perhaps ultimately fatal, for knowing; and that passion has led him on, horribly fascinated, from discovery to discovery. Hence the satirist and the realist, no less than the astronomer and the biologist, stand between us and any Homeric conception of the world amidst which we live. Zola, Baudelaire, and Ibsen; Gissing, Hardy, and Dostoevski—these men, hardly less than Darwin and Freud, have disillusioned mankind with the universe and with itself. Though perhaps none of them actually discovered anything, all called our attention to much and made it an inescapable part of our consciousness. Doubtless there are, in all their works, few ugly facts which Shakespeare did not in some sense know. But there was a meanness in human nature and a sordidness in human fate which he could somehow disregard, which he could blithely ignore in a fashion no longer so easy. This meanness and this sordidness have been examined with a care and described with a force which rendered them no longer negligible. Art has acknowledged them; and for that reason they have become, not merely facts, but facts which have taken their place solidly in the human consciousness.

For this reason, also, they must be dealt with, and any imagination which proposes itself as competent to make art out of the modern world must find a place for them, whether the work which it is endeavoring to create be literary or social. There is no golden age of faith, of simplicity, or of ignorance to which we can return—unless, indeed, society as we know it should suffer some overwhelming catastrophe which would break the whole continuity of its development and return the few straggling survivors to savagery. Those eccentric converts to fifth-century paganism, thirteenth-century Catholicism, and seventeenth-century Anglicanism, who propose to live and write as though they were in the heyday of the culture which they have chosen, are mere refugees whom few will follow.

Few would seek to deny that modern life has its compensations, or that many of the experiences peculiar to it are delightful. The very sense of freedom associated with it, even the sense of having escaped the restrictions and the burdens which convictions impose, seems sometimes more than enough to compensate for any losses entailed. But few would refuse also to admit the curiously disjointed or fragmentary character of this life. Whole sections of our experience, both

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pleasurable and the reverse, seem not only unconnected with one another, but positively incompatible. Some—like those which arise out of the cultivation of romantic love, of honor, and of our personal integrity—are apparently survivals from a world already dying; others—like those connected with power and speed and freedom, with our plunge into the material richness of the modern world—seem to give us hints of a way of life still imperfectly organized and imperfectly understood; but these two classes of goods are mingled without being combined.

The very cynics, whose documented relativism mocks any attempt to spell Duty or Justice or Right with a capital letter find themselves passionately devoted to defending Communist victims of police clubs or denouncing the Society for Suppression of Vice with bursts of oratory whose appeal is wholly moral. Lovers who rediscover the value of those illusions which are very old nevertheless change mistresses or wives with a facility which is very new and seem determined to live several lives for the very reason that they are incapable of leading one. Even humanitarianism, perhaps the most characteristic of our attempts to live nobly, does not dare to examine the foundations upon which it rests for it is devoted to the task of saving human lives without being really sure that human lives are worth saving.

What appears to be lacking is any logical or even any emotional connection between our various motives, various beliefs, and various impulses; any sense that they are a part of one whole or that they could be put together in any fashion which we enable them to reinforce one another. We are overwhelmed, not only by the diversity of knowledge, but also by the diversity of possible deeds, of possible values, and of possible judgments. Such artists as we have offer us constructions whose essential deficiencies arise out of the fact, not that they are artificial or partial, but that this artificiality or this partiality is so glaringly, so unforgettably evident. And if we babble of the necessity of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole we babble without conviction because we are struck by the fear that the more steadily we see it the less will it appear to be any whole which we can comprehend.

We may realize that the wholeness which seemed to characterize certain previous philosophies or civilizations was illusory, and that the connections between the parts of any previous peoples' experience were purely imaginary connections whose existence was merely assumed. But that realization does not help us very much because it is the inability to imagine or assume any such connections for ourselves which constitutes the difficulty and we do not know even where or how we ought to begin.

But let us grant that art, in the broad sense in which it has here been defined, is still possible; that the apparent triumph of diverse and alien nature is only temporary. Let us assume, that is to say, that a modern world, complete and unified, will emerge. Is that world close enough for us to imagine, even vaguely, what it would be like?

Certainly the prophets who proclaim its coming differ widely enough among themselves, but probably the most polite and respectable among them are those who assure us that civilization is not to be remade but only salvaged and that the new world will be more like the world of the past than the world of this present. Some of them, like Mr. Chesterton, are sure that if only beer flowed as freely as it once did in Merrie England we should all very happily put our trust in the Pope and all would be well again. Others, like Professor Millikan, have faith in telescopes and confidently expect that we shall some day construct one which will discover the ten commandments written in letters of fire a hundred thousand light years away. But they agree in the essential, which is that we need only to recover a few principles which we have lost in order to get along very nicely in the world we now know. But polite and reasonable as these prophets seem, there is, nevertheless, something singularly tame about their gospels, something plaintive and elegiac about their pleading, something which seems hardly adequate to influence very effectively a world which may not know where it is going but which is certainly going somewhere under the force of impulsions not to be controlled by the pious suggestions of frightened respectability. The men who speak most earnestly of the claims of authority are the very ones whose voices most conspicuously lack its ring and it is, paradoxically, those who tell everyone to do as he likes who have achieved the largest following. If leadership is to be recognized by the confidence with which it asserts itself, if art is to be known by the power and the persuasiveness we feel before we can analyze, then the beginnings of the new world which may be forming are to be sought among those who are concerned with nothing less than with mere conversation.

Wherever this world of ours competes directly with the past, it loses. Its religions are anemic and foolish; its poems and its pictures often seem to be trivial and feeble; just in so far as their aims and methods are identical with those of the past. But in certain other activities it exhibits a competence which seems, in comparison with previous efforts in the same field, as nearly superhuman as the competence of Shakespeare seems superhuman in comparison with the efforts of our contemporaries to write tragedy in blank verse. Its instruments for measuring the stars, its machines for hurtling through space, are successful beyond the wildest dreams of previous ages; and the most significant thing about them is not that badly articulated or rationalized faith in their importance which is sometimes expressed by philosophers or humanitarians, but that passionate and implicit faith in the immediate, unassailable value in the thing itself which made them possible.

Whatever else we may say of it, we know that the ecstasy of the pilot is authentic and that it is communicated unreasonably to society. Crowds carry trans-Atlantic fliers in triumph from the field just as crowds are said to have carried Cimabue's Virgin in triumph through the streets of Florence; and each crowd acts for the same reason—because it has recognized a kind of achievement which it can understand. The world is not interested in machines because they save labor or because they increase production. These are the excuses which it makes to itself. It is interested because it is interested, because its heart is there. Concerning them it has made one of those affirmations which really count because the affirmation was made spontaneously and does not need to be defended. In that case the will to believe did not explain its rights; it believed.

Even those of us who are, by temperament and education, most attached to values of another sort and, for that reason, least capable of feeling what many of our contemporaries feel, catch at moments some hint of it. We drive in

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their cars, fly in their aeroplanes, and live in their cities. We are caught up by this world, gasp with its excitements, and, by moments, we too, forget the other world to which in quieter moments we feel that we belong. But we cannot completely identify ourselves with the representatives of the present. The very inarticulateness of their philosophy, of their poetry, if you will, baffles us. The world of speed and power and exactitude in which they live is a world which still exists only upon the periphery of the consciousness. It is known chiefly through instincts and reflexes, not through ideas. It is, in other words, a world not yet given form by art, a world which has been directly experienced but never successfully thought out. Since no symbols have been found for its aims or its joys it cannot be substituted for—it cannot even take its place beside—those worlds which have a different kind of existence in the consciousness because they have been symbolized and interpreted in terms appropriate to that consciousness. Yet the materials may possibly be there. Art has, in the past, many times revealed to mankind perceptions, emotions, and valuations of which it had not known itself capable.

No one can say beforehand whether or not the new interests and the new ecstasies are capable of being thus humanized. Certainly it is difficult to conceive any connection between them and those which a Shakespeare celebrated. Certainly they seem less outgrowths of previous interests than something radically different, and it may be that they are entirely inexpressible in terms similar to those which literature uses. Perhaps the tendency of the plastic arts to abandon the imitation of nature for pure geometry is merely one relatively comprehensible sign of a break with tradition which is destined to be more complete than even the most extravagant of the "post-," "neo-," or "sur-" schools can imagine. Perhaps the wildest eccentricities of the "modern" poets may be taken as evidence either that poetry is beginning to grapple with the problem or that it is disintegrating under the realization that the problem is not capable of being grappled with.

But in any event there is no escaping the fact that much of the old world has grown dim. The academicians who plead for standards in art, the versifiers who talk of taste in poetry, the moralists who plead that we still *can* believe what our fathers did—there is not one of them whose voice has more than a spectral quality. Even those who believe them righter than their opponents must confess that the conservators are, at least, no match for those who do not bother even to answer. Vitality is all on the other side and those of us who confess our inability to accept the modern world without reservation or to say what can ultimately be made of it, do feel sure, nevertheless, that vitality of some sort is as indispensable to art as it is to life; and we shall take courage again when we find somewhere some evidence that the values which are dearest to us can be affirmed with a passion equal to that with which scientists, technicians, and mere sportsmen daily make the affirmations by which they live.

It is only in the sense which has been here implied that there can be any meaning to the statement that life is art and that aesthetics can take the place left vacant by religion and morality. To say that is to say only that one work of art may be replaced by another; but the other must still be found. Some unified aim, some hierarchy of values, some sense that something is supremely worth-while, must impose itself upon us with a self-justifying inevitability.

What we seem to have is an embarrassing profusion of almost equally unsatisfactory possibilities. What we lack among the advocates of each is an imagination strong enough to make that possibility seem inevitable. Nor is it, so long as this is true, worth-while to affirm any abstract faith in art. If love and honor and duty can be salvaged then someone must write about them in a fashion which carries conviction. If we are to get along without them, then someone must describe a world from which they are absent in a fashion which makes that world seem still worth the having. And it is just its failure to do either of these things quite adequately which reveals the weakness of contemporary literature.

This latter has enjoyed, at moments, its triumphs of honesty and accuracy. It has even, at moments also, transcended these virtues in order to achieve beauty—that quality which we attribute to anything when it makes reality seem identical with desire and convinces us that what ought to be is the same as what is. But contemporary literature is too fragmentary and too varied to rank among the supremely great literatures, much less to assume unaided a task which the literatures of other times could perform only with the help of philosophy and religion. It is—like ourselves—doubtful, divided, eclectic, and experimental. It has never succeeded in making us believe anything wholeheartedly or for long. It has given us no self-justifying image because its creators have achieved no self-justifying vision.

We know that this world of ours is interesting. The very vividness of its never-failing stimuli and the very richness of the possibilities which it is continually suggesting, make us unwilling to sacrifice any one of them. Even its distresses are so exciting that we are not convinced by those who long for a return to the good old days and none of the unities which have been proposed seem to include enough. What we long for is the ability to function in this complicated world as easily and as freely as others seem to have functioned in a simpler one; to find life, not merely exciting, but satisfactory and meaningful as well. We want to see it whole but we want also to see it all; to find a name for every one of its sensations, an explanation for every one of its phenomena, and a justification for every one of its values. We want a philosophy which is more than merely cold and reasonable, a philosophy whose ultimate expression is one of those works of art which seem not only to sum up but also to justify a civilization.

Perhaps some of these desires are incompatible with others. Perhaps all satisfactory affirmations are partial, and perhaps they seem satisfactory only because they make us forget what they are not able to include. But if this is so, the very fact that we are not able to forget anything about the world in which we live is proof that such an affirmation has not been made. And, at least until it has, we shall continue to long for some attitude which would unify the modern consciousness without depriving us of any of those fragmentary goods which it affords. Only one thing is certain. We shall know what artist we ought to accept when we find ourselves accepting him and we shall know what authority ought to be obeyed when we find ourselves obeying it. Life may be an art—but only when it is characterized by art's spontaneous inevitability.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter recently spent part of a Sunday visiting a woman who, it seems to him, has gone far toward solving the problem of living—except that she does not drift. Drifting, after all, is the best part of life. The Drifter admits gladly the fascination of the soil; he yields to none in his adoration of the New England countryside, and his heart yearns for many beauty spots. But though he has been tempted to settle, like a former New York woman school teacher he knows, right at the base of the Tetons and live all by himself the year round, as she does, he knows that he has drifted too long for this to be possible. To return, however, to the woman whom he saw the other day. She lives on a Connecticut hilltop in a little old farmhouse well on into its second century, with the old red paint still on it, a single carefully centered chimney, and the old clapboards falling off here and there. The owner lived for years in the great city, where her profession carried her into the homes of the wealthy. Then there came a day when her health made outdoor life necessary and all by herself she picked the little old red house with its huge maples. Nearby is a glorious view; one could fancy oneself in Wyoming, for one can look and look and see no sign of habitation, and the hills are wild and rugged.

* * * * *

AS the years have passed, the Drifter's friend, especially lately, has felt the pinch of the times. No longer is she able to spend the three bitterest winter months in the city, and more important than ever is the need of getting some dollars out of the little nursery and the flower garden which she cultivates so assiduously. She has no car, no horse and wagon. Her faithful friend and only companion is the dog that guards her. Together they pass winter and summer, with the telephone to call friendly neighbors through whose help there come the necessary provisions from the nearby town. But the doctor, the Drifter believes, has not been called in years, for life in that garden on that lovely hilltop has brought energy and strength and health. Lovely white hair surmounts cheeks of a ruddy hue which any flapper ought to envy, if flappers did not believe in the superiority of hand-painted complexions. "I find," she says, "that I can do physical labor, now that I have to, that I never dreamed was within my power." She has now come to a system of barter, and that, she says, is characteristic of the community round about her under the stress of Hoover prosperity. She gives trees for firewood to townspeople out of work in return for their labor. One farming neighbor has carried off a tumbledown carriage house with some very old lumber in it in return for many hours of work carefully computed by both. Three men who have helped her by the exchange of labor for wood are living with a fourth and his mother—thus have the workless doubled up to pool their scant resources and labor and to wait for the coming of the promised two-car garage.

* * * * *

SO there this tiller of the soil dwells the year round—radiantly happy, content, always ready to remind you that others are far worse off financially than she and finding her enforced habitation anything but exile or punishment. The beauty of the changing seasons never loses its appeal, the bird life, the occasional animals that stray into her domain—the Drifter ran across a gay old fox nearby—the sunsets, the radiance of the sky by day and by night, all these fulfil and satisfy. But above all, there is the work in the garden itself to prove anew that the nearer to the actual soil, the richer the life. This tiller does not even feel the need of a radio and the movies know her not. The Drifter feels that there are few whom he knows who have won such happiness for themselves, unaided and with such dauntless courage. He always finds inspiration when he enters that house or sees that sturdy figure at work in the garden. Always for a moment he swears that he, too, will find a lonely hilltop in New England and then he remembers, with a start, that after all, he is and must be until the end

THE DRIFTER.

Correspondence

Sidney Hook's Rejoinder

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of Mr. Briffault's "Breakdown" in *The Nation* of June 8, I wrote:

> To be sure, the direction of scientific research and the uses to which its discoveries are put are dependent upon the larger, telic, social whole of which science is a part. But the meaning and validity of a scientific proposition are completely independent of whether science functions in a capitalist or Communist order.

In his letter to *The Nation* in the issue of July 13, Mr. Ashley-Montagu quotes only the second of the two sentences given above and then adds:

> This statement is typical of many made by Mr. Hook in his review, and like them it is entirely untrue. If Mr. Hook is not philosopher enough to be aware of this, then he is not worth arguing with. What really matters, it seems to me, about the validity of a scientific proposition is not so much the name of the State in which it has been determined as that it shall gain acceptance. Does Mr. Hook really believe that the willingness with which scientific propositions are accepted is independent of the form of the society in which they are proposed?

Whatever may be the case in the social disciplines which have a class axis, it is clear that the propositions of physical science and mathematics, in so far as their meaning and validity are concerned, cannot be affected by a change in the mode of economic production. That people should be interested in science at all is a function of the social order in which they live. But granted that they are interested in science, the truth of the propositions they then discover no longer depends upon them or their interest, but upon the objective structure of the physical world. Socially we can only explain why the teaching of the proposition, "the earth moves and is not the center of the universe," was proscribed in the past and why it can be taught today. Surely, Mr. Ashley-Montagu will not maintain that the movement of the earth is affected by the change from one society to another. Let him recall the words of Galileo and make the proper substitutions:

> In these and other positions certainly no man doubts but His Holiness the Pope hath always an absolute power of admitting or condemning them; but it is not in the power of any creature to make them to be true or false, or otherwise than of their own nature and in fact they are.

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In this connection I wish to observe that even propositions of historical fact in anthropology and sociology (i. e., those which do not involve value judgments) have an objective validity independent of the social purposes for which they are used. I do not believe, however, that a *hypothetico-deductive social science* is possible.

Both Mr. Ashley-Montagu and Nelson Morris have failed to appreciate that the dialectical approach to the question of culture consists in realizing that, even if we would, we could not build a new culture in complete disregard of the old. Whoever affects a sophisticated barbarism and in the name of communism talks as if it heralded the destruction of all the art and science of the past, is, objectively considered, playing the role of a cultural agent-provocateur.

I cannot see the relevance of Mr. Briffault's rejoinder to the points I made in my review of his book. Nor do I feel that the question of my "unamiable" personality has the slightest bearing upon their validity. It was not Mr. Briffault's sincerity I impugned but his logic. I had even hoped that he would be convinced that he had overstated his position. I am consequently all the more disappointed that he should have seen fit to drag in a red herring about my being inspired by sympathy with the Communist Party "to attack those radical thinkers who are most in accord with its aims but who are not members of the party." In justice to the Communist Party and the readers of *The Nation* I wish to state that I am not a member of the Communist Party and that I do not know whether my views would be indorsed by it. None the less, I believe my views to be in conformity with the Marxist philosophy. What is more important, I believe them to be true.

New York, July 13 SIDNEY HOOK

Edward Levinson and the *New Leader*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As editor of the *New Leader* I protest against your editorial in the issue of July 13 regarding the dismissal of Edward Levinson from its staff. The assertion that Mr. Levinson was "summarily dismissed" is absurd, considering that he had been under fire by members of the board of directors for more than a year.

In the complaint I made I did not even mention his article in *The Nation* to which you refer although two other members did. If the *New Leader* has not published the few "letters of protest" received against Mr. Levinson's dismissal, neither has it published the many other statements received approving the action taken.

New York, July 18 JAMES ONEAL

Is It a Futile Gesture?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Running on a noncommittal platform in 1928, Al Smith gave you pause; in 1932 you cannot brook Roosevelt although his party platform is distinctly superior to that of 1928. What is this if not that choice of men rather than measures to which you object in theory?

As for supporting Norman Thomas, you indeed put the liberal in a difficult position. Were the Socialist candidate in the position of parliamentary leader of a minority party striving to gain control as in France or England, all those who agree with him would have no difficulty in voting effectively. In this country, however, a vote for Thomas will be only a vote of protest. He will no doubt conduct an intelligent and vigorous campaign on a better platform than that of either of the two old parties, and he will probably poll a larger vote than he did in 1928. But he will have no direct voice in the government. even as leader of an opposition group, and all of the energy expended in his behalf will be wasted in so far as immediate practical results are concerned. I am altogether in favor of a campaign by the Socialists to gain some foothold in Congress, but I cannot understand why any small minority party should put up a candidate for the Presidency. To do so is to ignore the realities of our cumbersome political system and to seek to plant the capstone in air before the foundation has been laid. Surely a campaign of education in Socialist principles need not depend upon such a futile gesture.

Canyon City, Ore., July 24 ARTHUR C. HICKS

"Dishonest Propaganda"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial, Is It to be Murder? is typical of a man who lives in the foreign city of New York. It is either the product of a twisted mentality or for the purpose of dishonest propaganda. You could not afford to print all the facts as to the communistic or criminal character of the ring leaders in the Washington disturbance, nor the fact that the man who did the shooting acted in self-defense when these men attacked him with bricks in their hands.

You would evidently be satisfied with further unrest which you rather encourage in your writings. It is typical of your writers, who have never accomplished anything, that you have the egotism to tell really able men how to do it.

You are professional disturbers with the purpose of earning dividends. May your circulation grow less!

Chicago, August 3 E. R. M.

Moral Suasion and the League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is now quite the fashion to criticize the League of Nations for its seeming weakness and indecision in a time of crisis; "it touches nothing that it does not adjourn." May I submit that such criticism is based upon misunderstanding of the technique of the League? I should like to cite briefly a review printed some time ago in the *United States Law Review* of Professor Edmund C. Mower's volume on "International Government." The review quotes Professor Mower as follows, regarding the League of Nations:

> In no case has the Council appealed to force. Its method is that of counsel and conciliation; it endeavors to stimulate in the contending parties a sense of responsibility for international peace and of their obligation under the Covenant to seek a rational peace. This technique of the Council in dealing with international disputes often gives it the appearance of weakness, indecision, and procrastination; it tenders advice when the international peace seems to require the exercise of power. But its procedure in this regard has been as wise as it has been necessary—wise because international government has not yet advanced to the point where legalized resort to force by its constituted agencies can confidently rely upon the backing of public opinion, and necessary because, as the Covenant now stands, the League commands no force except what the member states endow it with at the moment.

Boston, August 1 WARREN O. AULT

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Fadiman and Goethe

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Fadiman's article on Goethe has just come to my notice. If Mr. Fadiman so cruelly belabors Goethe with the cudgel of his wisdom because that poet has no specific message for the I. W. W., other citizens may have an equally justified grievance against Goethe for failing explicitly to give the two-seed-in-the-spirit predestinarians his moral support. Clearly, Mr. Fadiman should not turn for inspiration to Goethe when there are such enthusiastic champions of his ideals as Upton Sinclair and Emma Goldman.

Chicago, August 2 E. M. Fortgang

Training the Military Mind

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With interest and approbation I read Robert Wohlforth's article, "The R. O. T. C. as a Peace Society."

I submit the results of my observations as a member of a high school R. O. T. C. unit during the last year: The young man, when he begins his course in military instruction, has an open mind; he is ready to accept anything he is told at its face value. Under the guidance of an army officer the militaristic mind evolves rapidly. The student soon becomes strongly biased in favor of the military system. He is taught that pacifism "must be stopped, or you'll have a war on your hands" (words used by officer in charge of unit of which I was member). He learns that national security may be had only by a large army. If asked whether he desires peace he replies, "Yes, of course." But he is ready to fight for his country "right or wrong."

Militarism is an insidious thing. Rare indeed is the student who does not acquire it if he is exposed to its influence for any length of time. Unfortunately, there is ordinarily no factor that serves to counteract its effect. So, after three years of such instruction, the graduate is a thorough militarist.

Atlanta, Georgia, July 7 Woodruff W. Bryne

The Two Youngest

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Roy Wright, 15, and Eugene Williams, 14, the two youngest Negro boys of the nine victims of the attempted legal lynching in Scottsboro, Alabama, are still in prison. There was a mistrial in the case of Roy Wright; in the case of Eugene Williams the Alabama Supreme Court reversed the death verdict, on the ground that he was a juvenile. But the State of Alabama makes no move to bring these boys to trial again. They remain caged, as they have since April, 1931.

These youngsters have suffered enough. We must see that they are brought to a speedy trial. But defense funds have been exhausted by the long legal struggle for the other seven boys. Recent contributions have had to go to prepare for the October Supreme Court hearing.

We must have a special sum of $1,500 immediately for the defense of the two youngest boys. We appeal to men and women of imagination and humanity to help us raise this imperative sum. Please send your check to John Dos Passos, Treasurer, National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, St. Denis Building, Broadway and Eleventh Street, New York City.

New York, August 3 John Dos Passos

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Books

Mural for Evening

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Earth turns toward evening and the white swan is
Motionless marble on her onyx pool;
Thick darkness gathers in the cypresses.
These are the colors of sleep: spent violet, cool
Silver of momentary dusk that lays
No siege to starlight. Better were we lost
Forever in the tortuous Cretan Maze
Than that this final threshold had been crossed!

For we are come upon a world that lies
Deeper than Ys, far deeper than the drowned
Atlantis, from whose gardens none shall rise.
Coffined in crystal, cloaked in the profound
Purple of night, we watch the white swan fade,
And give the musky leaf-mold to the spade.

A Compact Encyclopedia

Everyman's Encyclopedia. General Editor, Athelstan Ridgway. Science Editor, E. J. Holmyard. American Editor, Milton Bronner. E. P. Dutton and Company. Twelve volumes. $30 the set.

THE first edition of "Everyman's Encyclopedia" appeared some twenty years ago. The present edition, now completed, has been entirely reedited and reset, and published in a larger format, with the number of pages in each volume increased from 640 to 768. The volumes, however, are still cheap in price and still compact: to say that they sell at less than one-third the price of the cheapest edition of the "Britannica", and that each is no larger in the hand than the ordinary novel, is to answer the question of whether there is a need or a place for them. For those who have the means and the shelf space the new "Everyman's" is no substitute for the "Britannica"; those less fortunate in either of these respects, however, should be grateful for its appearance.

For its outward bulk the new encyclopedia is remarkably comprehensive: it contains some 7,000,000 words, the equivalent of a hundred novels of average length. Compression has been in part secured by the courageous use of abbreviations. The type is small for sustained reading but not for reference. In the two thousand illustrations the line cuts are in general much more satisfactory than the half-tones, which suffer partly from their diminished size, and partly from the use of too coarse a screen, probably necessitated by the paper.

The three functional tests of an encyclopedia—granted accuracy—are, first, whether a sufficient number of separate references are included—and this the "Everyman's" meets admirably; second, whether the individual articles contain enough to be reasonably informative; and third, whether they direct the reader adequately to further information. The second of these requirements is extremely difficult to meet in a work of the present scope. To meet it requires both great compression in writing, which the articles often achieve, and a fine sense of the proper relative lengths of articles. Which is more important—logic or London? It is an idiotic question, and yet the encyclopedist must answer it, and a thousand others like it—the relative importance of Agriculture and Aristotle, of Marriage and Massachusetts, of Rabelais and Railways. Probably he never can decide these questions to anyone else's satisfaction, or even to his own. Yet even so, some of the decisions of the editors of "Everyman's" seem to me particularly puzzling. Logic, for example, gets less than two columns, and London thirty. It is instructive to compare this space allotment with that of the Encyclopedia Britannica, in which Logic is assigned fifty-five columns to London's forty-four. It would be unfair to suggest that this particular comparison implies anything beyond itself—any general lack of proportion in the "Everyman" articles. It is simply one of those things that happen in any encyclopedia.

But on the third test of an encyclopedia—whether it direct the reader adequately to further information—a general criticism of "Everyman's" may, I think, be made. No one can possibly learn anything from less than two columns on Logic, yet no bibliography is offered. Nor does any accompany the article on the important subject of Currency. On the other hand, appended to the article on Economics, which receives seventeen columns, is an excellent brief bibliography. On biographies no consistent policy seems to have been followed. There is a good short list of reference books on D. H. Lawrence, and none on Anatole France or Henry James or Melville. There is one on John Stuart Mill, and none on Francis Bacon. In other cases the bibliographies are careless or haphazard. It is here, I think, that the new "Everyman's" is weakest. It appears, on the other hand, to be well proofread. I stumbled—in my necessarily sketchy reading—over only two errors: Occam appears as "Occian" in the article on Logic, and T. E. Hulme as "T. E. Hume" in that on Criticism.

But such selected and detailed criticism inevitably gives an unfair impression. I have said nothing of how remarkably well written most of the articles are, particularly those on literary figures, nor of the astonishing up-to-dateness of the political and other topical articles. Altogether, the editors have carried through an extremely difficult task with commendable success.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Decline of the I. W. W.

The Decline of the I. W. W. By John S. Gambs. Columbia University Press. $4.25.

NO labor union in the United States has been given more attention, favorable and otherwise, than the Industrial Workers of the World. It has had the careful and sympathetic study of Hoxie, Brissenden, and Parker, and, from others, more than its share of abuse. Now it has declined, and Dr. Gambs writes an obituary.

Unhappily Dr. Gambs is not chiefly interested in the I. W. W. His interest is in sociological theory, and to justify his use of the I. W. W. as a case history, he makes the brash assertion that "The historian always has a moral up his sleeve." The moral here is that the I. W. W. declined because there is no place for revolutionary unions in the United States today. This sounds plausible enough, but the trouble is that we might leave out the "revolutionary" and it would still be plausible. We would then have to explain the decline of the A. F. of L. unions by their conservatism; of the company unions by their "companyism"; of the "independent" unions by their independence. . . .

The I. W. W. was organized in 1905, and in 1917 it became an outlaw organization. Back of that outlawry was a state of public hysteria which found in the Wobblies an object upon which to vent inhibited spleens and phobias and to gain

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those illusions of power so necessary to noncombatants at war. This, it would seem, is a story worth telling, but our author makes little attempt to describe and none to explain it. He does, however, give an excellent account of the reaction of the I. W. W. to attack. It becomes clear that the I. W. W. was wiped out by this wartime struggle. It might, of course, have declined anyway. It might have become less revolutionary. But so far as we know the war and later persecutions destroyed it. There were other factors—chief among them, the disappearance of the migratory worker.

The surprising thing is not that the I. W. W. declined but that it lasted as long as it did. There is something about a philosophy, whether it be revolutionary, idealistic, or what not, that is better than a war chest, a machine, or gangsters. This something has been lost to the American labor movement, and while the I. W. W. has declined with its philosophy, the labor movement has declined without one.

One of the best chapters in Mr. Gambs's book describes the attempt of some of the Wobbly leaders to tie up with engineers. They employed Howard Scott to give them information about the copper industry, and seem to have listened to his advice. He told them that sabotage, instead of hastening the disruption of capitalist industry, only delayed it. Accepting the Marxian theory of crises, he advised them to push production on to overproduction and stoppage. That has been done, but not by the Wobblies. Perhaps some other engineer can tell us what to do now, that is better than what Marx said we would have to do.

NORMAN J. WARE.

Midwest "Cherry Orchard"

House of Vanished Splendor. By William McNally. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

FOR the past ten years the literature of the Middle West has been repetitious or barren. After the appearance of Sinclair Lewis, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, and Sherwood Anderson, the soil was temporarily exhausted—Glenway Wescott may be regarded as an exception. If for no other reason than to explain a surprising sterility, "House of Vanished Splendor," written by a Minneapolis newspaperman, deserves special attention. The social implications of this first novel are broad enough to define the nature of its own faults and merits and to suggest a number of reasons why the so-called "literary renaissance" of the Middle West came to an abrupt conclusion in the early years of the last decade.

The very plot of the book is ambitious and of genuine social significance, for it traces the decline of a wealthy and large family on the shores of the upper Mississippi—the Knott family —who may be accepted as a prototype of Middle Western civilization. The Knott fortune, based upon real estate and the rapid industrial growth of the Middle West following the Civil War, is characteristic of many apparently accidental foundations of American wealth. The original John Knott was a pioneer in the literal sense: it was he who founded villages and towns, traded with the Sioux, and fought in the Civil War as a mere incident to his general activities. His son, John Victor, was a pioneer of a different order—the shrewd business man who was ready to gamble on the future of the railroads and the infant industries springing with mushroom-like growth at his feet. This activity did not demand unusual intelligence to master, nor great strength of character, merely boldness and the ability to make rapid decisions. The boom was on—and the Knott fortune was made overnight. John Victor found himself a director in a bank, owner of a prosperous flour mill, and master of a huge house overlooking the great river. The time had come for him to worry about his family, two grown sons and two daughters: he died before he could protect their interests with an intelligently worded will.

The rest of the novel is a study of disintegration. There is the eldest son Dwight, a Yale graduate, scarcely more than a half-wit, virtuous, dull and in charge of his father's flour mill. There is Todd, who earned the distinction of running away from Harvard before he was expelled. There is Betty, the beauty trying to imitate the career of Alice Roosevelt in a Middle Western environment, and Mary, who finds a substitute for sexual frustration in religion. Altogether they comprise a cast of characters for an American version of "The Cherry Orchard"—not one is fit to assume the responsibility of managing an estate.

This family of adult children, from the superficially brilliant Todd down to his idiot brother Dwight, are all doomed: their heritage of material wealth is meaningless, for like a large number of Middle Western families they have not become firmly rooted in their environment. What they have inherited is not a culture at all, but a vague sense of a historic past, a feeble strain of New England Puritanism, and a totally unpractical form of hand-to-mouth pragmatism. Even at best (for we find in Todd an appreciation for music and an underdeveloped and generalized aesthetic sense) their talents for living are second rate. All lack the drive, the nervous energy that propelled the father, John Victor, forward into a life of material activity. Their pretensions to aristocratic leisure are absurd and merely spendthrift.

The flaws in Mr. McNally's novel are obvious: the book lacks a definite philosophy that might well have raised it above the level of intelligent reporting, and the prose bears the marks of rapid journalese, of too much hasty writing. But Mr. McNally has gifts that compensate for these defects. Like Sinclair Lewis, he possesses the ability to create full-bodied characters, each highly individualized and convincing, and again, quite in the tradition of both Dreiser and Lewis, he has chosen material that readily lends itself to social analysis.

HORACE GREGORY

Chinese Puzzles

The Tinder Box of Asia. By George E. Sokolsky. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Problems of the Pacific, 1931. Edited by Bruno Lasker. University of Chicago Press. $5.

Business and Politics in the Far East. By Edith E. Ware. Yale University Press. $3.

GEORGE SOKOLSKY probably knows more Chinese more intimately than any other foreigner in China; and he thinks and writes about China in terms of human beings rather than of abstract principles. His book about China has the intimacy and the freshness of his own breezy, gossipy conversation. He is dogmatic, informed, and often brilliantly informed and penetrating. If he is often prejudiced, no one can be sure in what direction his prejudices may lead him, for they are the product of a singularly diverse and adventurous career.

Born in up-State New York of devout orthodox Russian Jewish parents, Sokolsky drifted to New York, made Republican campaign speeches and consorted with Emma Goldman, had a tempestuous career at the Columbia School of Journalism, got an assignment to report the Russian Revolution for an agency which sent him to Petrograd and then blew up, lived off the revolutions cheerfully, drifted East, functioned as an impassioned Western sympathizer with Chinese students in the disturbances of 1919, helped organize a Chinese government Bureau of Eco-

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nomic Information, and became in time the featured correspondent of the leading British die-hard organ in Shanghai, adviser to various commercial companies, managing editor of a monthly engineering journal noted for its sympathy with the Japanese, correspondent for American and British newspapers, and an unofficial participant in sundry phases of Chinese political life. Foreigners in Shanghai, thinking in terms of loyalty to principles and causes, tend to distrust "Sok"; Chinese, of various political camps, love him as a human being and, respecting his shrewd intuitions, consult him.

Sokolsky today wastes no time with futile ideals. He appraises force and respects power. He admires almost equally Chiang Kai-shek, the present "Strong Man" of China, General Araki of Japan, and Borodin, the Russian adviser in the early days of the Nationalist Government; and he criticizes all of them sharply. Also he knows them; he gives intimate pictures of them which light up as a lightning flash the murky Chinese scene. His sketches of the various members of the "Soong dynasty" which has dominated Chinese politics for six years, particularly of its behind-the-scenes women, are superb. He is contemptuous of ignorant League of Nations gestures and of talk of "law" and "government" in China. He knows that China is and will long remain in what seems to the Westerner sheer anarchy; and that nevertheless China is a mighty entity, moving perceptibly and integratedly in the midst of a chaos of constant civil wars. He knows that it is well to be careful when using that word "China."

"China" fought Japan at Shanghai, the world says. Sokolsky says that a Cantonese general, defiant of the head of the Nanking Government, fought Japan. . . . Sokolsky thinks in human, personal terms. "Bandits?" "Bandits in China are only hungry people," he says. But he is more concerned with the Communists; he takes them more seriously than most treaty-port foreigners. For they express something more than themselves; a mass discontent. The issue, as Sokolsky sees it, is between such strong-man nationalism as Chiang Kai-shek represents, and a Russian communism tinctured with Chinese tradition. He fears this Russian communism; but he is not afraid to recognize that its savagery has been less than that of Chiang Kai-shek's White Terror.

So Sokolsky has written a personal, chaotic, sometimes prejudiced, always revealing book about China. A more orderly mind might have omitted some of the details of Chinese intrigues; the professors who write most of the books about China would never have known of them. "The Tinder Box of Asia" is Sokolsky's book about China, and, as such, valuable. The observer will note that in recording the recent conflict with Japan Sokolsky adopts a cautious, documentary, neutral method of narration foreign to his own nature; he argues half-heartedly that China must come to terms with Japan and recognize Japan's domination of Manchuria.

"Problems of the Pacific" is a summary of the round-table discussions held by the Institute of Pacific Relations in China when the Manchurian row was hottest. A mass of information upon road building, industrialization, international migration, and kindred problems is here assembled. The Chinese-Japanese debates regarding the treatment of Koreans in Manchuria shed light on the current conflict; the figures showing that Japan has in the last decade been a land of immigration rather than of emigration are striking; the papers on racial assimilation and cross-breeding in various parts of the Pacific are suggestive.

Miss Ware's "Business and Politics in the Far East" consists of two studies: one of the effects of the imminent abolition of extraterritoriality in China upon business relations; the other of the new "democracy" in Japan. Both reveal the inadequacy of the liberal academic mind. A profound believer in international cooperation, Miss Ware repeatedly lets her wish be mother to her thought. She recommends an international agency to bridge the extrality difficulties, as if any machinery could really bridge the gulf between the Chinese pragmatic conception of justice and the Westerner's respect for paper law; and she sees cheerful prospects in Japan which subsequent events have knocked out of the reckoning. Japan is still, evidently, a feudal nation ruled by a military clique to whom the constitution means nothing, even among friends. Miss Ware, like most of the ardent proponents of League action, cannot quite face that unpleasant fact. Sokolsky's sometimes brutal cynicism has its points.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

More of Milton

The Works of John Milton. Volumes III-VI. Columbia University Press. Sold on subscription only. $105 the set.

IF the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of the Columbia Milton are less exciting than the first two, that is mainly because prose is less exciting than poetry. The new volumes have the same dignity of good scholarship that characterized their predecessors. If a critical grumble must be made about them, it will be that the editors exercise a too great talent for self-effacement: that they are, in fact, more concerned to reprint than to edit. They give us in every case what may be called Milton's final text—the last published during his lifetime, that is—with an appendix setting out the variants from earlier texts. But there they stop. That the text which Milton passed for the press can here and there be faulty (beyond a few mispunctuations and occasional misplacement of letters) they are unwilling to believe. Happy in the consciousness that they are making, not a commentary, but a text, they may be thought, at a good many places, to have forgotten that the foundation of textual criticism is still "just interpretation." Even so, this over-reticence is better than critical babble; and these beautifully printed texts at least furnish all the data for critical divination.

The four volumes under review present, if we except the unfinished "History of Britain," a practically complete *corpus* of Milton's English prose works. We begin in ecclesiastical controversy—with the three anonymous tracts of 1641, followed in the next year by the "Reason of Church Government." These occupy the first part of Volume III, the two major pamphlets filling it with the sound of greatness. But in the second part the devil gets Milton, and leaves us with the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce." The fourth volume opens with the other three divorce tracts, but ends with "Areopagitica" and the tractate "Of Education." Without the divorce tracts we should perhaps never have had "Areopagitica." But already in "Church Government" there shines forth the lofty temper of moral freedom which makes "Areopagitica" the one work of Milton in prose which is still read by everybody. The fifth volume is political—the "Tenure of Kings," in view of its occasion (it was written during the days of the King's trial) reads oddly academical; "Eikonoklastes" is practical and personal, written to the order of the Council of State. The Columbia editors leave on one side its two rather sordid sequels, the first and second "Defensio Populi Anglicani." For these we must await the section reserved for Milton's Latin works: the second Defensio (unpleasant as parts of it are) abounds in noble passages, the eloquence of which lives even in the English of Fellowes. At present the Columbia Milton presents a blank for the decade 1649-58, and omitting the whole of the long controversy with Salmasius and More, offers us, in Volume VI, rather uninteresting matter—a miscellany of religion and politics in which the most considerable items are the "Readie and Easie Way" and the "Means to Remove Hirelings." Why one or two items in this volume are placed where they are, to the dis-

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turbance of what would seem to be in general a chronological order, I do not know.

The greater part of the third volume is the work of Morgan Ayres, the divorce pamphlets have fallen to Mr. Powell (assisted in the first of them by Mr. Patterson). For the last part of the fourth volume ("Areopagitica"), and for nearly the whole of Volumes V-VI Mr. Haller is responsible. Uniformity has been studied everywhere; and all these editors are justly praised when it is said no one of them is better than the others. The work of all of them is characterized by dignity and restraint. If they gave us a little more of themselves, we might like them better. But they are resolved to take no risks; and very likely they are right. H. W. Garrod

Mr. More's Catholicism

The Catholic Faith. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press. $3.

MR. MORE is known to the general reader as one of the leaders of the humanists—a sect which in its two short-lived periods of notoriety, just after the war and again last year, was exceedingly misunderstood by enemies and friends alike, being taken as a movement which had something to say about literature and philosophy. As a matter of fact, its axis was immediately and unreflectively social, the literary and philosophical ideas of its proponents being thoroughly heterogeneous, their common basis being, simply, similar reactionary attitudes in morals and politics. The same heterogeneity, even more pronounced, is found in Mr. More's religious camp; his present work is one of a considerable number of recent attempts, strenuous but ineffective, to crystallize an Anglo-Catholic theology.

The attitude behind Anglo-Catholicism may be stated in this wise: It is felt that in the Protestant rejection of the sacraments as "mysteries," particularly in reducing the Eucharist to a mere memorial, there has been lost the very life-principle of religion and, equally important, a ritual which by its non-verbal character could mean many things to many people and thus act as a unifying force. The Anglo-Catholic envies the Roman Catholic unity, and sees that the central place given to the sacraments promotes that unity: the most brutalized peasant's literal eating of Christ's blood and body, and the philosopher's sophisticated acceptance of the mystery come to the same thing in that they both go to the same mass. The Anglo-Catholic would like to improve still further on this unifying factor by widening the latitude of meaning which the sacrament may have: in Mr. More's nice language, protesting against Rome's outright imputation of magical efficacy to the sacraments, "surely the more reasonable way is to admit the possible virtue of a sacramental act without inquiring too strictly into the relation of matter and spirit or into the method of its efficiency." Thus would the Anglo-Catholic keep the satisfying magical efficacy of the sacraments, at the same time assure the more rationalistic that it may mean something a little different to them, and, further, ward off the skeptical queries of science. To the irreverent it may seem an amusing attempt to eat your cake, have it, and deny you ever saw it. From the same desire for unity by way of non-verbal practices springs perhaps the most heartfelt of all Anglo-Catholic objections, that against the sermon.

This yearning for unity is understandable enough. What is hard to understand is the kind of mind which thinks that a lost unity can be recovered by rigging up the old formulas with new trimmings. I should be the last to deny that religion can be a unifying factor. One has only to look around and see the amazingly heterogeneous mass of people who use the same local parish church; one has seen essentially decent workmen sullenly but obediently leave a picket line at the command of a priest in the name of their common faith. But such phenomena require a vast and powerful institutionalization; the living generations must have been indoctrinated and molded from babyhood up. Once that institutionalization has actually decayed to any extent, and one or two generations have grown up sensitive to outside influences, no refurbishing of the furniture of a church can be sufficient to win them back. It is then no question of finding some minimum of beliefs and practices which can be agreed to. Then the problem is one requiring actually existing common beliefs, common ways of life, common interests and desires. In short, there has to be a considerable group of necessary conditions similar to the situations out of which the great religions sprang. Then the religion was the expression, the result, of a communal life, not a formula out of which to concoct it. And Mr. More and a great many people to the contrary, it cannot be done the other way around.

The fact is that Anglo-Catholicism is merely an expression of the present disunity of Protestantism; its adherents want unity, but all they have in common is their distaste for Protestant decay. Examined more closely, Anglo-Catholics turn out to be an exceedingly heterogeneous group—archaistic monarchists like T. S. Eliot, reactionary landowners, refinement-hunting bourgeois, shopkeepers tired of the chapel, sections of the London proletariat worshiping the earnest young priest who, as Dean Inge said, carries incense in one hand and the red flag in the other. For all these Anglo-Catholicism is a temporary stop at a point where many roads cross; they or their children will separate in very different directions. As for Mr. More himself, the most cogent reason I can think of for his not being in the Roman Catholic church is that its communicants in Princeton are all Wops and Polacks.

Felix Morrow

Second Act

The Store. By T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

"THE Store" is the second novel in a trilogy about the South; "The Forge," which ended with the death cries of the old South, was the first. When "The Store" opens the new South is already under way. Grover Cleveland, who will later send troops to put down the Pullman strike, is preparing to be elected President; the errors that Northern capitalism had a chance to commit slowly are being repeated at an accelerated pace in the reconstructed Southern States.

No trilogy can be judged in its entirety until all three sections of it have appeared; but it is possible to get some notion of the plan behind T. S. Stribling's trilogy now that two-thirds have been published. What might be expected are three extraordinary documents, wealthy in incident, character, political, social, and moral meanings, profound survivals and profound changes. The least that could be expected would be another "Forsyte Saga." Then, too, the novel is a fortunate medium for such a plan; for the novel will distend to accommodate a variety of supposedly heterogeneous materials. Neither "The Forge" nor "The Store" meet any of the expectations reasonably aroused by an author who has chosen to show the South at three of its most important moments. They are old-fashioned novels, melodramatic and "plotty," whose décor is Southern. Their settings are as minutely done as Belasco stage sets, and, as far as the novel's content is concerned, fundamentally as unreal.

The characters in "The Store" possess a good many Southern prejudices. Negroes roam all the pages. Trends of

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the times are illustrated: a postmaster tries to frighten Negroes into believing that their freedom depends on the Republicans, so that he may keep his job; a Negro is lynched to complete a mob's holiday; a white tenant farmer burns down a Negro school. But it turns out that the postmaster is really a spiritualist who gets messages from the dead about missing papers, and the Negro would not have been lynched if the deed to a farm had been found sooner. Stribling tries to make these incidents more than illustrations by tying them all together in an elaborate plot with symbolic overtones. But a clumsy symbolism is not enough.

The Vaiden family, and the particular hero of "The Store," Colonel Miltiades Vaiden, are interesting enough in themselves. It is easy enough to see why the author has chosen to follow their fortunes more closely than anyone else's in the novel. They are middle-class, neither wealthy nor downright poor; they have to have money and get it by fair means or foul; they are not the usual characters of Southern fiction. As a nucleus, the Vaiden family would have served very well, and, perhaps, it was intended that they be only a nucleus. The result, however, is that not the South but the Vaiden family, with its people and its problems, its dramas that, in actuality, reflect a central social conflict, but seem to take place in isolation without any immediate after effects, receives all the attention. The rest, including the South, is symbolism and off-stage noises. The elaborate plot has swamped what ought to have been the purpose and ambition of the trilogy. The novel that lies in the extraordinary fertile South has yet to be written, and it looks as though T. S. Stribling were not the man to write it.

KENNETH WHITE

The First German Fascist

Lassalle. By Arno Schirokauer. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. The Century Company. $5.

HERE is the story of the man who is generally considered the founder of the Social Democratic Party of Germany, the party of Bebel, the Liebknechts, and Rosa Luxemburg, and also the party of Noske, Wels, Kautsky, and Hermann Müller. It is not a pretty story, whether we judge it by bourgeois or by socialist standards, but it is magnificently written and superbly translated. It is the story of a fop, a Narcissus, who in the end destroyed himself, though in his self-adoration he allowed another man to pull the trigger. But the man in love with himself also possessed remarkable intellectual power:

> In three weeks he swots up 620 pages of French history, and makes an index to them; reads all that Darwin has as yet published; makes abstracts from old folios, thirty-six quarto pages of his small, concise handwriting. He gobbles up a thousand pages of Tooke's "History of Prices," and he begins Teulet's work on the French codes.

Lassalle was a Jew, and this he regretted, perhaps not consciously, yet very definitely. He sought escape from his Jewishness in playing the swell, in gambling on the stock exchange, in his sensationally dramatic court trials. His appetite for power, the form in which his "escape" expressed itself, was insatiable, but his power was illusory, it had no substance, for he was never sincerely accepted in high society and in the intellectual circles which he tried to enter. He was a glorious rebel, had perforce to be just that, but except among the working people his rebellion found no response whatever.

Ferdinand Lassalle was the son of Heymann Lassal (Ferdinand gallicized his surname after a brief visit to Paris) who was in turn the son of Feitel Beraun of Loslau, a small town in the Rybnik district of Upper Silesia. Heymann was first called Chajjim Wolfssohn, but with the emancipation of the Jews in 1812 "Chajjim of Loslau became the Prussian citizen Heymann Lassal." With this change Heymann moved to Breslau, where, on either April 11 or April 13 of 1825, his son was born. Ferdinand early showed his rebellious nature. He bulldozed his father—who saw in his son the liberation of his people, and wished to do nothing to compromise that miracle—and he tyrannized his mother and his sister Riekchen. In school, first at the Magdalen Gymnasium in Breslau and later at the Commercial Academy in Leipzig, he was arrogant, impertinent, and often collided with the school masters. He wanted to impress people with his importance; he wanted power, not learning. And his father, without any desire to cross the young Ferdinand, was aggrieved because the son would not follow him into commerce, the profitable pursuit of which enabled Heymann in later years to finance Ferdinand's gambling and scheming.

We may pass up his reputation as "a woman-eater of insatiable and indiscriminate appetite"; his private war against Count Hatzfeldt, the defense of whose wife consumed most of his years and led him into strange and melodramatic court trials; his authorship of the truly phenomenal work, "Heraclitus." His fame rests upon none of these. Rather is it founded upon his championship of the under classes. They were the persecuted, just as his own people had been the persecuted. Their rebellion was his rebellion, though their interrelation was never apparent to him. But he must be king, all-powerful, demanding complete obedience. He founded the General Union of German Workers—forerunner of the Social Democratic Party—and by this device sought to deliver the working class into the hands of Bismarck, to the greater glory, not of the people, nor yet of Bismarck and the monarchy, but solely of Ferdinand Lassalle. "He is the party. The party belongs to him." And what sort of new state did he seek to erect in this deal with Bismarck, avowed enemy of socialism, which never came off? In the words of Schirokauer:

> Lassalle, who is not so much a Marxian as a Hegelian, does not think in terms of a class struggle. What he wants is not the socialist state, but the social state. . . . To the communist state, which is the property of one definite class, Lassalle contraposes the state of all.

In brief, Lassalle was the first social fascist. With him the producers were not to rule the state; the state was to rule the producers, but its rule was to be good and of benefit to all the people—the slogan of all fascists. Addressing a group of workers, Lassalle declared that they must "not even shrink from entering into an alliance with the monarchy"—whereupon Wilhelm Liebknecht, who was present, "sprang to his feet in a rage." Lassalle's socialism was that of Pilsudski, Mussolini, and Adolf Hitler. And this is the man regarded as the godfather of the present Socialist Party of Germany. But is it really, one may ask, such a far cry from Lassalle, "opponent of democracy" and co-plotter with Bismarck, to Comrade Noske, whose reactionary troops, armed by the Majority Socialists, shot down thousands of working people during the "March massacres" in Berlin in 1919, and foully murdered Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht? Or to the Socialist Party of 1920, which, by smashing the Kapp *Putsch* by means of a general strike, showed that it had complete control of the country, but meekly surrendered that power to General von Seeckt and the counter-revolution? Or to the Socialist police of Berlin, who murdered thirty-three working people in the May day "riots" of 1929 solely for the purpose of protecting a bourgeois government? Or to Karl Kautsky, who, while the fascists are rampant in Germany, can still devote most of his time to bitter, unrealistic attacks on the socialization of Russia?

Lassalle's colossal conceit carried him through to the end, to his own tragic end. Bismarck had snubbed him, his political

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game was up. In his thirty-ninth year he flung away the love of Helene von Dönniges. Another man wooed and won her. His vanity cut to the quick, Lassalle first attempted to bully Helene and her family into accepting him, and, failing in this, he challenged the successful suitor to a duel, for which he was equipped neither temperamentally nor physically. He knew when he issued the challenge that he was to die, though he ridiculed the thought "that I shall fall before this fellow's bullet. That is not my destiny!" Yet he deliberately allowed his opponent to fire first, and four days later the fop, the prodigal rebel who wanted to dictate, died of a disease called self-destruction.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Simian Social Life

The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes. By S. Zuckerman. Harcourt, Brace, and Company. $3.75.

INCREASING interest in the behavior of the non-human primates has stimulated much psychological work of the past decade. In recent years numerous investigations have resulted in a great acquisition of knowledge of the psychology of these forms. However, man is a social animal, and it is not strange that the findings of the psychologists have carried their stimulus to students of society so that, as never before, there have been attempts to study social behavior in ape and monkey society. Yet interest in the social behavior of simians is not entirely of recent origin. The historical section of the monumental work on the great apes by Robert and Ada Yerkes, demonstrates to what extent attention has been paid to the social order of these sub-human, yet startlingly man-like forms. This literature is almost entirely folk-loristic, it is true, but it attests to a vivid interest. In recent years Alverdes's work, "Tiersoziologie," and scientific papers by Miller, Kroeber, and others, have been published. It was inevitable that a comprehensive study of simian sociology should appear; it is fortunate that the one that has appeared is of the quality of this book by Mr. Zuckerman.

The author is an anatomist, and he attacks his problems with all the rigorous methodology of his discipline. To a keen critical ability are added a happiness of phraseology and a sense of humor that make his finished work, though carefully thought through and closely argued, an exciting narrative. His book is not only based on a wide acquaintance with the literature, but also on detailed observation of the Hamadryas baboon colony maintained by the Zoological Society of London in conditions approximating as nearly as possible those of the wild, and finally on observations made on the same variety of baboon living in its natural habitat in South Africa. Mention must also be made of the pictures with which Mr. Zuckerman has illustrated his book. The photographs of baboons, taken mainly by J. E. Saunders, must certainly rank as some of the most vivid presentations of monkey life ever made available to students.

Mr. Zuckerman approaches his data from a point of view that is entirely mechanistic. He has little patience with anthropomorphic explanations of behavior, and although he eschews behavioristic terminology, it is not unfair to say that he considers the genesis and development of the social life of animals to be a function of their reflexes, conditioned and unconditioned. He begins by reviewing our knowledge of the processes of reproduction in mammals—we are told that our knowledge of the ecological factor is such that it does not permit of treatment at this time. The experimental, controlled work that has been done on sexual periodicity in mammals, and the nature and significance of the oestrous cycle in the lower mammalian forms and the menstrual cycle in the sub-human primates, are gone into thoroughly and critically, though always in such fashion as to be intelligible to the interested layman. And this discussion prepares the reader for the detailed description of the baboon colonies studied by the author, which occupies the latter half of the book.

Out of this consideration, documented by numerous illustrations observed by Mr. Zuckerman in the wild and in zoological gardens, certain conclusions are demonstrated. The "intelligent" character of the monkey's responses, which is accepted by the author, is shown to be correlated with the maculate vision possessed by the animal, plus the tactual stimuli derived from the fact that his anterior extremities are hands. The reader is told how the sexual responses are of the greatest importance in maintaining position in the simian social scale, and the phenomenon of "prostitution," which consists in the utilization of movements that arouse sexual response in order to divert an anger-reaction on the part of an aroused more powerful fellow, is described, it being indicated that this occurs among all the simian forms which have been studied. Another conclusion the author derives is that baboons, other monkeys, and the apes do not live promiscuous sexual lives, but that their matings, which may be either monogamous or polygynous, are based on force, or dominance, as it is termed, a given mating enduring as long as the "overlord" can maintain his possession of a given female or females against the assaults of non-attached adult males. The manner in which the sexual behavior of monkeys is a function of their early social experience, rather than an inborn set of unconditioned responses, such as characterize the sexual behavior of the lower mammalian forms, is indicated; while finally, in a consideration of the "altruistic" behavior of apes and monkeys, so often reported by travelers and other observers, the "mutual aid" they manifest is shown to be of a nature that partakes of the automatic character of reflex, and not reasoned, behavior.

Mr. Zuckerman's book should go a long way to focus the attention of students of society on what has been, as far as scientific approach is concerned, a neglected field, and to start a tradition of rigorous methodology in a field where such rigor is too often lacking. If further work is carried on in as critical and careful a spirit as this, we shall be a long way toward a scientifically valid "mammalian sociology."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Shorter Notices

Trafton Helen. By Jonathan Leonard. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

In this, his latest novel, Jonathan Leonard again displays his wilful determination to waste his talent for powerful invective and original imagery upon trivial subject matter. It is a story of how two well-to-do people, man and wife, city-bred and bored, try to recapture youthful emotion in the environment of a New England village. The man attempts a brief love affair with a farmer's daughter, and the woman yearns for attention from a dancing teacher and her son's tutor lately expelled (with her son) from a fashionable boys' prep-school. Both parents are frustrated in their middle-aged revival of carnality by the prankish intervention of the son and two villagers. This résumé of an insignificant plot seems almost unfair to what must have been Jonathan Leonard's original intention when he sat down to write the book—but like his earlier book, "The Meddlers," "Trafton Helen" suffers from the use of inadequate symbols, or rather, unimportant characters and situations, that collapse under the weight of a brilliant imagination, an excellent prose style, and a profound criticism of human relationships. There is scarcely a page in the present novel that

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does not contain a rich poetic image concealed in a paragraph of strong, unyielding prose. The casual conversation between characters is often remarkable: one remembers in particular a savage satire on the value of human knowledge—but this fine passage is hidden in a general attack upon the methods of education in secondary schools. Mr. Leonard's single but serious flaw as an artist seems to be that of a man who attempts a Miltonic theme within the technical and emotional range of a French triolet.

Spears Against Us. By Cecil Roberts. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

This novel about the World War is quite different from most novels on that subject in that it is free not only from any nationalistic rancor but also from any of the anti-martial bitterness that has been so popular of late. Mr. Roberts's position is humanitarian and pacifistic, but his manner is entirely too mild to permit the strong feeling that we find in Remarque or Aldington. The story concerns the special *rapprochement* that exists between an English and an Austrian family, the Crawleys and the Edelsteins. The War divides them for four years, but even while it is in progress they manage to write secret letters, assuring each other of their undisturbed affection. The scene is mostly Austria. First, we see the English being entertained by the Edelsteins in their picturesque Tyrol castle during the summer of 1914; after the Armistice we see the Crawleys coming to the rescue of their sorely distressed friends with money and soup-kitchens. Mr. Roberts's intentions are worthy enough; his execution is another matter. As a work of art "Spears Against Us" is on such a plane that it could be converted into a movie almost without change. The only value it could have for sophisticated readers would be to amuse them with certain romantic inadvertences of style.

The Phoenix Kind. By Peter Quennell. The Viking Press. $2.50.

In spite of the remarkable abilities Peter Quennell displays as a poet, and the complexity of emotion manifested throughout his poems, this novel about two brothers—one, introspective, physically weak, sententious; the other, handsome, irresponsible, superficial—and a nauseous girl, Virginia, who supposedly brings the story of the two brothers' complementary dissimilarities to a head, possesses no vigor and only an attempted emotional quality. The elaborately conscious style never pierces to the heart of the matters so lengthily discussed; it moves round them obscuringly. The real possibilities of the theme are rarely touched. Elements in the story have an occasional true ring, like the zoo episode, which has been done, unfortunately, much better in Hemingway's "Hills Like White Elephants"; But the quality of the novel as a whole is a great disappointment.

John Wesley. By C. E. Vulliamy. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

In the eyes of his present biographer John Wesley was not a hell-breathing preacher but a brilliant executive whose conduct was a literal definition of "Methodism." Picture him a small, neat man, scarcely five feet six, who spoke deliberately, almost without gestures, was formal and austere in manner and, but for his great energy, somewhat effeminate. He rose at four in the morning and often worked till midnight—nothing could stop his constant drive toward a single purpose, a reform of Protestant Christianity throughout the English-speaking world. Though somewhat stern and dogmatic, he was noted for his impersonal kindliness, his unworldliness, his credulity. The times were ripe in eighteenth-century England for a John Wesley to arrive. The godlessness of the average clergy was an open scandal; and the lower middle classes as well as the peasants were completely neglected by wine-drinking, card-playing divines. It was to these lower classes that Wesley made his appeal, scarcely by choice, but because his services as a reformer and a critic of the Church of England were in actual demand. Not the least among his extraordinary adventures was an attempt to perform missionary work among the company of jailbirds who colonized Georgia under Oglethorpe. His failure opened the way for the success of George Whitefield, who later became his associate in a series of revival meetings that shook all England. Mr. Vulliamy's biography is a refreshing book. Well written and intelligently planned, it presents a vivid panorama of lower-middle-class life in eighteenth-century England.

The Journey Inward. By Kurt Heuser. Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. $2.50.

This book is called a novel, but it bears the stamp of authentic experience, lived or shared by the author. The reader gains by this circumstance. Mr. Heuser not only writes well, but he has also the gift, in a high degree, of rendering atmosphere. The uncharted regions of the East Coast breathe with a mysterious life in these pages, and we are drawn under a spell from which we are not released until we reach the last page; even then its mood lingers. A comparison with Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" is inevitable, and Mr. Heuser does not come off badly. There is a Germanic element in the philosophical reflections of the central character, Jeronimo, which, coming from a disillusioned young man, fleeing from sick post-war Europe and his own past, have some interest. There is a sense of nightmare about the series of images flitting past us against the background of African night. And the primitive blacks are

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by Joseph Wood Krutch
Wednesday, August 24 8:15 p. m.

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like angels beside the conquering, corrupt whites. At least, the newcomer, Jeronimo, almost envies them. They carried only their loads forced upon them by the whites; "but he carried a burden of memories and regrets . . . his portion of the curse which every Occidental must bear. And he knew that he bore it."

We Begin. By Helen Grace Carlisle. Harrison Smith, Inc. $2.50.

The author of "Mothers Cry" has, upon the basis of a wide amount of research, written an account of the founders of the Plymouth colonies, using three characters to tell the story: two brothers and a woman who marries the younger brother. The plot has to do, mainly, with the religious fanaticism of the older brother, who so unsuccessfully sublimates his sexual urges that he finally commits murder and rape; but the story is the life of the dissenters in England, Holland, and America. The result is not an inspired one, but the novel's steady preoccupation with the every-day life of the people gives it an air of hum-drum reality heightened by danger and hardship; in this respect it is quite unlike most historical novels. The debt the author owes to Elizabeth Madox Roberts is an obvious one.

Chaos Is Come Again. By Claude Houghton. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $2.50.

Another eccentric English family reaches the end of its fortune amid complications of love and sacrifice, and a great deal of talk from smug individuals, obviously the author's mouthpieces, about the Loss of Faith, Post-War Madness, and so on, and so on. There is a great deal of sneering at modern literature, which is, fortunately, quite unlike the insipid conventionality of this latest novel by the author of "I Am Jonathan Scrivener."

Tropic Seed. By Alec Waugh. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

The illegitimate son of a French seventeenth century nobleman goes to sea, leads a mutiny, and is stranded with the captain on the coast of Haiti, among a group of freebooters; later he takes a wife, founds a family, and thereby precipitates a series of consistently interesting incidents about his descendants who play various roles in the curious history of Haiti. The novel is not extraordinary, but it has a firmness to it lacking in most chronicle novels that are more ambitious. Unfortunately, it ends with a loud cymbal-crash of comment. Both Waugh brothers seem addicted to the vice of such endings.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation,* is the author of "Machines and Men in Russia."

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HORACE GREGORY, author of "Chelsea Rooming House," will have a new volume of verse published in the fall by Harcourt, Brace, and Company.

H. W. GARROD, fellow of Merton College, was formerly professor of poetry at Oxford University.

FELIX MORROW has contributed articles to the *New Republic, Symposium,* and *Menorah Journal.*

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